THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

VOL. X. NO. 1. CHICAGO, SATURDAY, JANUARY 3, 1891. PRICE FIVE CENTS.

FENIANS IN FRONT.

Able and Strong Document Issued to Their Fellow-Countrymen by the Irish Nationalists of New York

Gladstone and the Irish Revolutionary Party.

A meeting of the clubs of the Irish Nationalists of the City of New York and Brooklyn was held recently at 54 Union Square, a large number of representative Nationalists being present. The following manifesto was adopted and ordered to be published:

THE IRISH NATIONALISTS OF THIS CITY who believe in the establishment of a republican form of government in Ireland, who have followed the teaching of Theobald Wolfe Tone and the doctrines of the United Irishmen of '98, who have vowed by the principles of the young Ireland party of '48, and who have clung to the faith and hopes of the Irish Republican Brotherhood of '65 and '67, feel it incumbent on them, in the present condition of Irish affairs, to give public expression to their views in relation to Ireland's case against English injustice and wrong.

In 1878, when the Home Rule party under the leadership of Mr. Isaac Butt, and subsequently under Mr. William Shaw, showed unmistakable signs of being controlled by political place hunters, the few men of national aspirations who were connected with the Home Rule Association succeeded in placing Mr. Parnell at the head of affairs, and the era of independent opposition to all British parties was inaugurated. Mr. Parnell and the late Mr. Biggar endeavored to impart a manly tone to the so-called Home Rule party. A few of the leading Nationalists of this country placed themselves in communication with Nationalists in Ireland who proposed to Mr. Parnell and the active party in Ireland's Parliamentary representation that if they would adopt the following measures as their programme they would receive the assistance and support of Nationalists at home and abroad

THE PLATFORM PROPOSED WAS:

1. Self government.
2. Peasant proprietorship.
3. The abolition of sectarian issues.
4. Resistance to coercion.
5. Advocacy of all struggling nationalities.

Mr. Egan, Mr. Davitt, Mr. Harris, Mr. Brennan and others had started the land league movement, but Mr. Parnell, with characteristic caution, waited a few months before he signified his acceptance of and adhesion to the platform, and at a meeting held at Westport in 1879 his speech showed his adhesion to it. As he had superseded Mr. Butt as leader of the Home Rule party his advocacy of the measures committed his party to them and ratified the agreement made with the Nationalists. Those who had been familiar with movements in Ireland up to that time will remember that the term Irish Nationalist had a meaning wholly different to that given to it at present. Then it meant an Irishman who was willing to risk life and liberty to make Ireland a nation, but by some peculiar process the members of the Irish Parliamentary party have confiscated it, though they propose to make Ireland more surely a British province and anything but a nation. They claim that instead of dismembering the British empire they intend to make Ireland an integral part of it, and that though nature has divided the two countries geographically—and set the seal of individuality on both people—and though the agricultural, commercial, and other interests of both countries would conflict, to the injury of Ireland, still the Parliamentary party, the self styled Irish Nationalists, propose to make Ireland nothing less than West Britain.

THE FIRST MOVE ON THE POLITICAL CHESS BOARD

in Ireland after the agreement referred to was the advance of the land question on the basis of peasant proprietorship. The first meeting for this purpose was inaugurated and conducted by the Irish Nationalists. When it is remembered that in the various attempts at insurrection made by the Irish people the farmers, who would have been most benefitted by a successful revolution, were the men who stood calmly aloof and were more inclined to be hostile than friendly to those who would dare all for the freedom of the people, it speaks volumes for the generosity and tolerance of the Nationalists who in 1879 took up and advocated the question of land reform and promulgated the doctrine that those who cultivated the soil should own the soil.

For ten years they have given an unselfish support to the movement, and of those who died or suffered imprisonment during the Land League agitation, it will be found that all, or mostly all, were Irish Nationalists and not the followers of what was styled constitutional agitation. When Mr. Parnell, in 1879, advised the farmers to keep a firm grip on their holdings, and subsequently when the "No rent manifesto" was issued as a reply to coercion, it was hoped that the agrarian agitation had developed into a manly, healthy, public movement, and that from the new life that had been infused into the farmers they would, with unusual spirit, resist eviction and die at the thresholds of their homes in resistance to tyranny. It was soon apparent that if the farmers had any such intention their Parliamentary representatives speedily suppressed it. They gathered large crowds at the scene of each eviction, with bands and banners, harangued the people, and then would conclude by killing the spirit they had evoked.

THE LAND QUESTION IS STILL THE PUPPET

of British political parties. Whatever concessions have been granted during the past ten years have been given grudgingly and fall far short of the Irish demand, nor were they given because English Liberal or Tory loves the Irish people, but owing to the pressure of political necessities. Other European countries have settled the question of ownership of the land long since, but England does not wish to cut away from her feudal systems. Mr. Gladstone has been tinkering at the Irish land question since 1868. His land act of 1870, which, like all other measures of which Mr. Gladstone is father, elaborate in appearance and sound, but in nothing else, embodied the principle of compensation to tenants for improvements on their farms and buildings, and Mr. John Bright had some clauses inserted, recognizing the right of purchase by the tenant. After Gladstone's flourish of trumpets it was found that the act was more favorable to the landlord than to the tenant, and that which he had heralded as a panacea for the grievances of Irish agriculturists proved to be a hollow mockery. For the past twenty-two years Mr. Gladstone has had ample time and opportunity to satisfy the Irish demands on the ownership of land. Has he done so? We are inclined to believe in Mr. Parnell's recent manifesto, where he shows that Mr. Gladstone desires the Irish land question to be settled from an English and not from an Irish standpoint. Is it for this that the Nationalists of Ireland and America have supported the public movement for ten years?

THE QUESTION OF SELF GOVERNMENT

appears to have made little progress, though we hear it daily asserted that the Irish people are within reach of the political promised land and that a dissolution, or at furthest the termination of the life of the present Parliament, will see Ireland a nation. As Irishmen we would be proud of such a result, but it cannot be. Even if the most sanguine hopes of the Irish Parliamentary party could be realized and its demands granted, Ireland would only still be a pillar of the British Empire. "Beware of the Greek when bearing gifts" is an admonition that the Irish people should remember and apply to the present relation of Ireland to English political parties. Mr. Balfour and Mr. Gladstone are generous with promises, but niggardly in performance. It is not many years since Mr. Gladstone, at a banquet in London, stopped the proceedings and with exultation in his face and voice announced, amid the cheers of the English, the arrest of Parnell, and fervently thanked God that the resources of civilization were not exhausted. It is not long since, in the House of Commons, both Liberal and Tory shouted themselves hoarse with joy at the announcement of Davitt's arrest. Under the benign Liberal ministry of Gladstone and Forster, men, women and children in Ireland were mercilessly shot down for meeting to express their opinions. The jails were filled with the victims of the vigorous rule of Mr. Gladstone's friend and appointee, Buckshot Forster. The press and people were suppressed. Irish members were hustled out of the House of Commons. The star chamber was revived in Dublin Castle under the great Liberal Gladstone, who by every act and word of his proved that English interests were to be preserved in Ireland at the expense of the Irish people. Gladstone, Forster and Spencer were then the objects of Irish hatred, and deservedly so. Whence this conversion of Gladstone, unequaled since the days of Saul? Whence this change of heart and opinion on the part of some Irish M. P.'s who, only a short time previously, vigorously denounced Gladstone and then recognize him as the Grand Old Man and Ireland's benefactor; and one of the leading and most sensational of the Irish M. P.'s is reported to have said to an English audience that he would feel honored at blacking Earl Spencer's shoes, who, a few short months before, was known as the Bloody Earl. Was it love of Ireland or the exigencies of British politics caused this change of front of Gladstone and Spencer? A glance at the present condition of political affairs in England will enable you to form a pretty clear opinion on the matter.

SINCE 1885 MR. GLADSTONE HAS BEEN

opposed by a defection of seventy-five members, called Liberal Unionist, who had been of the Liberal party. These men are wealthy and gave liberally to the campaign funds of the Liberal party. This defection brought to Gladstone's side eighty-five of the Irish M. P.'s, Gladstone never expected that the alliance between the Tories and Liberal Unionists would have continued for five years. He has vainly held out the olive branch to them from time to time, but they have not returned to the Liberal fold. A general election may be held at any time, and Gladstone knows it, and nothing is so much desired by the English Liberals as the return of the Liberal Unionists to their party allegiance. Their contributions to the party purse would materially assist in the coming election and they could be relied on as partisans. The Irish members of Parliament cannot be relied on by either party when led by such a resolute man as Parnell, who has shown his disposition to support either party for the good of Ireland. The eighty-five Irish members of Parliament are not men of means, and many of them are paid salaries from the parliamentary fund, and since they have become absorbed by the Liberal party many of them, it is stated, are drawing salaries from the Liberal Club. Many of them have commercial and professional interests wholly in England, and, taken as a whole, the Parnellite party, instead of being a party of independent opposition, is now part of the Liberal party of England. They have been so manipulated by Gladstone that many of them regard his wishes as paramount to all things else; and, indeed, many of them appear to regard him as the leader of their party. He has at least divided the Irish contingent. As the Conservatives have promised some form of self government for Ireland, and as that is the rock on which the Liberals and liberal unionists split, there is no further motive for a continuance of the alliance of the latter with the conservatives. At this juncture Mr. Gladstone manifests a disposition to drop home rule and thus open the gates for the return of Hartington, Chamberlain and other political prodigals.

Possessing a knowledge of parliamentary and political tactics, obtained from over half a century of experience, Mr. Gladstone is preparing his plan of battle and doing it skilfully.

NO MAN KNOWS BETTER THAN MR GLADSTONE

the effect of a religious cry in English politics, and with a purpose that will be made manifest at a suitable time he recently introduced a bill to remove the disability of a Catholic becoming lord chancellor of England and lord lieutenant of Ireland. He has not forgotten the effect of the ecclesiastical titles bill of the last generation, and we will venture the assertion that his lord chancellor bill so quietly introduced by him will be used to regain liberal supremacy. The clergymen of the Established church in England and Ireland are as a rule true blood Tories who would not support him on any condition. He is sure of their opposition. As politics make strange bedfellows we find that the English Catholics are also as a rule Tories. Mr. Gladstone's effort to open the door for a Catholic lord chancellor will tempt the English Catholics from conservatism. The Vatican will forgive his attack on it in his famous pamphlet on Vaticanism for the hope of future good. The papal influence will be exercised in Ireland politically for the good of the church. It is the dream of the churchman that England will again become a Catholic nation, and if the lord chancellor of England may be a Catholic why would it not be reasonable to hope that the Protestant succession to the English throne may also be abolished? A judicious hint to the Irish hierarchy not to hamper the Grand Old Man by such inconvenient Irishmen as Parnell would have its weight, especially as Parnell gave them an excuse by his moral lapse. The dissenting clergymen of England, Scotland and Ireland always keep an ax sharpened for use on their brethren of the Established church, and would be with Gladstone. The English Radicals care nothing for religious questions, and are the natural allies of the Liberals. Gladstone is playing a deep game. By dropping Home Rule from his programme he cements the Liberal party. He gains the favor of the Pope and the Catholic clergymen of England, Ireland and Scotland by his lord chancellor bill, and he will have succeeded in dividing the Irish party and can act independently of them and soothe the Irish mind by fair and false promises.

THE IRISH PARLIAMENTARY PARTY

has clearly departed from its original purpose, namely, independent opposition to all parties, and simply give a quid pro quo for any concessions to Ireland. No one can successfully deny that the Irish M.P.s, or rather a great many of them, are chained to the chariot wheels of English liberalism. This has been fully demonstrated in their attitude toward Mr. Parnell. With full knowledge of his moral delinquency they re elected him as leader, but next day, at the nod of Mr. Gladstone, many of them expressed contrition for their sin of patriotic gratitude to a man who had done so much for Ireland and for them. They have eliminated altogether the moral aspect of the case and at Gladstone's expression of disapproval they seek to undo what they have done and, in crying out "Give us Gladstone and away with Parnell," they show themselves in their true colors, thoroughly West British. Year after year the Nationalists of America have given freely to support the National League movement and the men who led it. There appears little prospect of any fair measure of self government for Ireland either from Gladstone or Balfour. We ask

THE NATIONALISTS IN IRELAND AND AMERICA

again to turn their attention to the only method by which any country ever obtained its freedom—the methods of the men of Bunker Hill, of Lexington, of Concord and of Majuba Hill—the methods of Washington, Bruce, Tell, Tone, Hofer and Joubert. As Americans we would be untrue to the traditions of the great free flag under which we live, if we would not advocate and fight for freedom. As Irishmen the Nationalists here have never lowered the flag of our hoped for republic, though we have aided a public movement. The presence in parliament of such an able and sincere man as Parnell has been a menace to our methods and to organization, as it attracts men away from us and leads them to hope for great things from parliamentary agitation. The Nationalists of America have performed their part of the contract of 1878. The Irish parliamentarians have not. There is no further use for a National League in the country, and Messrs. O'Brien and Dillon their associates have proved it since their advent here. They wholly ignored the League organization, and worked up a sensational tour. Let us attend to our own affairs wholly in future, and when parliamentarians come here again financially prospecting they will find the visits less profitable than they heretofore have been. God save Ireland!

By the committee—James Murphy, Thomas J. Dennehy, John Kelly, M. D. Gallagher, Thomas H. Ronayne, Con. Roche, William Lyman, Thomas J. Burke, Joseph D. Weldrick, Joseph P. Keely.

Through Vestibuled and Colonist Sleepers Between Chicago and Tacoma, Wash., and Portland, Ore.

The Wisconsin Central and Northern Pacific lines run through Pullman Vestibuled and Colonist Sleepers between Chicago and Tacoma, Wash., and Portland, Ore. The train known as the "Pacific Express" leaves the Grand Central Passenger Station, at the corner of Fifth avenue and Harrison street, at 10:45 p.m. daily. For tickets, berths in Pullman or Colonist Sleepers, etc., apply to Geo. K. Thompson, City Passenger and Ticket Agent, 205 Clark street, or to F. J. Eddy, Depot Ticket Agent, Grand Central Passenger Station, corner Fifth avenue and Harrison street, Chicago, Ill.

STONE FORTS.

Raised Upon the Islands of Arran by the Firbolgs, Still Remain.

A Polite but Proud and Sensitive People Inhabit the Lonely Isles.

Not far from "Pnoul na-Briskenagh" is erected a large crane, the use of which is a piece of perfectly barbarous governmental robbery in a place situated as is Arran. The crane is used by the coastguards for drawing up all timber which is driven in by storms; the timber is secured by her majesty's officers, who kindly permit the natives to purchase what the winds and waves carried to these rocky coasts, and what, to an ordinary mind, would seem to be washed in to that barren island to become the natural property of whatever poor man found it. But no—there, where neither wood nor turf are to be had for firing, even the chances thus sent to the islanders they dare not touch, for if a man be seen to take a log of wreck-wood the magistrate has some real crime to deal with.

A few hundred yards to the south of this crane I had my first view of Dubh Cathair, one of the Firbolg forts for which these islands are so famous. The Firbolgs were a race which came into Ireland from Greece many centuries before the Christian era, and ruled the country for a time, until, having been conquered by new settlers, the Tuatha de Danaan, the remnant of the race took refuge in Connacht and in the three islands of Arran; there, to protect themselves from their enemies they built the stupendous forts of which, after the lapse of over two thousand years there are still numerous and very extensive remains on all three islands. Although these forts were constructed of uncemented stones, it is not time alone that so far demolished them. Storms may have scattered much of the immense walls, but much more of the ruin is due to the natives, who made use of a quantity of the pillar-like stones employed in the erection of these ancient buildings, and with them put together the curious walls with which they mark out their "gardens." Notwithstanding the destruction wrought by time, storms, and

THE HAND OF MAN,

there still remains enough of these forts to show what astonishing buildings they were and how powerful to resist the attacks of foes from the mainland. A description of one will give an idea of all; though, of course, there are some differences in the size and form of the various fortresses, to an ordinary observer the general aspect and plan are very similar.

Dubh Cathair, the great fort called "Dun Ængus," and most of those which I have seen, are built immediately above the high cliffs and on the ocean side of the island. For a description of these buildings, I will give that of Dun Ængus, the principal fort of Arranmore, remarking of "Dubh Cathair," or the "Black Fort;"—that it is so named from the dark color of the stones used in its construction—that Dr. O'Donovan considered it to be a thousand years older than Dun Ængus (see MS. in R. I. A.), and that in the enclosed space are the remains of a very remarkable group of cloghauns, or stone dwellings. As a rule, cloghauns were round, built like a bee hive in shape, the roof and walls formed of stones, the stones of the roof slightly overlapping so as to converge until they gradually met in a central point; there were no openings save the rude door-way, and the huts were sometimes so small that a man could but shelter within in a sitting position. The group inside Dubh Cathair consisted of a number of pear-shaped cells, which wound in and out in a very curious plan. A few feet only remain of the walls, but these give the plan perfectly. Coming on Dubh Cathair from the land side, we see what appears to be a high wall of a dark color. Outside this wall is an extraordinary barricade; the ground is literally bristling with tall, sharp-edged stones, either fixed upright or inclining right and left—this way, that way, every way—as if a shower of missiles had fallen, and, as they fell, had become embedded in

THE SOLID ROCK.

As is seen in a yet more remarkable manner at Dun Ængus, these stones were fixed with a wonderful skill, and, in those days when artillery was unknown, served as a "chevaux de frise" calculated to effectually impede the progress of any foe, no matter how formidable in numbers.

While speaking of Dubh Cathair, I may remark that a number of buttresses, built a few years ago by the board of works with a view to uphold the remainder of the walls for evermore, are already falling from the force of the winds of perhaps ten winters. So much for the builders of three thousand years ago and for the builders of the present day. The ancient walls, if left undisturbed by the people, seem likely to last as they now are for many a century to come.

There are on the islands a number of these Firbolg erections, the largest of which is on the Middle Island, but that which is known as Dun Ængus is the most noted and most frequently visited. It lies some five miles higher up the cliffs than Dubh Cathair, and crowns an eminence of 360 feet on the south coast of Kilmurvey, a district which stretches across the narrowest part of Arranmore, from north to south, and where the island is scarcely more than half a mile in width.

Dun Ængus, so named after Ængus, son Has Mor, a Firbolg King or chieftain who lived in the pre-Christian era, was an immense structure consisting of three great walls, each wall describing half an oval, commencing on one edge of the cliff, ending on the other. These ramparts or walls are at a considerable distance one from the other, so that each in turn encloses a great space of ground, the outer circle containing eleven acres within its area, in which is a still remarkably perfect "chevaux de frise," impenetrable save where a narrow avenue was left. The walls of the inner fort are triple in formation—that is, there are three distinct walls closely set against, or fitted into each other, the outer being highest, the next some feet lower, and the inner lower again, each tier or banquette having, at intervals, stairs branching right and left, and still perfect in many places. Of this great triple wall each wall, or layer of masonry, is again triple in itself, and all are so

BEAUTIFULLY BUILT

that it appears almost impossible that any agency but the deliberate taking asunder by hand could destroy them. Each layer, though built to and, properly speaking, a portion of the whole, is in itself a perfect formation consisting of two rows of oblong stones, hewn roughly, yet with sufficient art to allow of their fitting one upon the other in close and perfect order; these are laid lengthwise in two rows, the rows about three feet apart, and the space between is closely filled in with dry, broken stones, or chippings as if the debris made by forming what I will call the out stones of the outer layer had been used to fill in between. All is without cement, yet closely and firmly set, great strength being given by the length and horizontal position of the sets, by the separate and perfect building of each section, and by the great thickness of all three combined at the base. The inner section is seven feet high by three feet in width; the centre rises five feet higher and has a width of five feet; the outer section is four feet wide, and in parts is eighteen feet high, the entire wall at the base having a thickness of twelve feet. Dun Ængus, as well as the other forts built in a like position, has no sign of rampart along the encircled cliff-line, and it is considered by archæologists highly improbable that there was ever any defense along the sea-line, as no attack could possibly be made on that side, where the rocks overhang a precipice of 360 feet. To each enclosure there was originally but one entrance, a low cyclopean doorway.

It is difficult to give an idea of the massive strength and great extent of these extraordinary erections, built in a time so remote that everything connected with their history and with the people whose busy hands have left such enduring memorials of their race, is shrouded in mystery. To judge by the number and size of the forts upon these islands, the Firbolgs must have been a powerful and a numerous people, for there are yet considerable remains of no less than seven of these buildings, and there are traditions of others which have disappeared.

Sitting on the wall of the old dun, looking back across all those ages, and trying to re-people the deserted enclosure, I must have forgotten the present-day world for a long time, when, suddenly looking round for our gentle companion, Mary, I found her unromantically fast asleep, and, more unromantic still, "hunger was on us," as the Irish idiom has it; so we took another look around and out over the glistening ocean, and then set off homewards over the crags, gridirons, slate tennis-courts, patches of springy blue moor-grass (reminding one that in season there is very good game in Arran), clambering, on our way, over a few hundreds of the

CURIOUS AERATED STONE WALLS

that a visitor is at liberty to climb or make a gap in as the fancy takes him. These walls look as if the first storm would send them, everyone, pell-mell spinning down hill, for instead of fitting one stone into another, they are placed so as to leave a considerable space between each; yet this very apparent looseness prevents the destruction of the walls, as the force of the walls, as the force of the wind is broken in passing through the innumerable holes left for it to play through.

Reaching the high road, we met a funeral procession, and, according to the universal custom, we turned and accompanied the people a part of the way, for it would be unlucky not to do so, besides being a great disrespect to the dead. The people all wore their sunday clothes, but were not keening; they would keen, Mary said, on reaching the burial-ground, whither we much wished to accompany the funeral procession, but we had already made a long excursion and, moreover, had a very important appointment—no less than to receive a lesson in the good old art of spinning, and at the same time take the opportunity of learning something of the island people, young and old—for how could we hope to know them so well as by seeing them in their homes and in their simple daily life.

Among strangers coming to Ireland, there seems to be a very general idea that they are coming to a land inhabited by beings of so angelic a nature that all human faults and failings are unknown among us; at least, this is the conclusion we cannot help coming to when we witness the horror and amazement displayed when an Irish man, woman, or child—especially if of the humbler classes—is found to possess any of the imperfections usually supposed to be common to all who have not as yet ascended into heaven. This is complimentary, yet frequently leads to most unjust excesses in the contrary direction, because, in the disappointment of finding human beings where angels were looked for, every fault detected, or supposed to be detected in the Irish, is immediately magnified and becomes, in the eyes and on the tongue of the logical stranger a thousand times more heinous than the same shortcoming in persons of any other nationality. I know perfectly well we have less failings than any other people in this world (though I say it that shouldn't), still we have a few—and so I did not go even to Arainn-na-Naimbh expecting to find it inhabited by canonized saints, but I did hope to find a gentle, trusting, affectionate people—a people willing to show me kindness were I only capable of winning their trust, of doing as I would be done by—and I was not disappointed. After a sojourn long enough to really know something of the Arran peasantry, we left with genuine regret and a feeling of intense longing to return and pass a longer time among a people and scenes never to be forgotten.

They are a gentle people, but deeply, quickly sensitive, with the keen insight into character, and also the passionate feelings all such people possess in a high degree. Quick to love, when met in honest kindness; quick to shrink back and turn away, wounded and hurt, if they encounter rudeness or distrust. "Ah, sure!" said

A PRETTY ARRAN GIRL,

explaining a grievance that had led to unpleasantness with some visitors to the island, "God knows we love to be kind and civil to all, but who'd blame us to turn away, and, maybe, give a hot word, if we're spoke to like dogs?" Indeed, the Arraners' intuitive politeness and appreciation of the same quality in others is very great, and, while they will not easily force themselves upon one, it is evident that it delights them to be of service—nothing is a trouble; they are hospitable too, and we never rested, even for a short space, near a village that someone did not hasten away to milk the cow and offer a drink of fresh milk—a hospitality no one should refuse in Ireland. As is natural from the circumstances of their life, the islanders are a thoughtful race, and it would surprise many a cultured person could he sit an hour with some old fisherman and con over with him, who perhaps has rarely left his sea-girt home, all the deep and wise views of life, of religion, of character that old man could unfold. Although not, strictly speaking, a very literate class, the natives of these islands are highly intelligent, and have their full share of that almost universal aptitude for learning so remarkable in the Irish. For years the Arranmers were badly in want of schools, for the owner of the islands refused to grant building sites until about five years ago, when the late Lord Carnarvon, astonished at such a state of things, wrote to the landlord and actually shamed him into granting sites. Being bi lingual, the present generation has a great advantage, for the knowledge of a second language is one of the best helps one can have in the study of English, while it aids in developing the intellect. If the school board could secure teachers having a really good knowledge of Irish it would be a double advantage, as the would take an interest in promoting the study of the latter language among the Irish-speaking children of the west and south, to whom alone we can look for retaining our native tongue as a genuine living language.

One thing I remarked in Arran which struck me as very singular—that is the want of music among the islanders. As far as I could learn, this art—so Irish—is almost unknown there. Rarely I heard a song, and then but a curious, wild "creosaun," like the moaning of the wind at sea, but I never heard a musical instrument. Yet in speaking, the voices of the natives are very soft and low and such as ought to be musical. Occasionally, as a wedding or some such festival, songs are sung, but I could not learn that even a wedding feast is a hilarious meeting. A strange custom prevails upon a marriage here; the bride's fortune goes to portion off the old couple—the husband's father and mother—in lieu of their giving over the little plot of "land" (save the mark!) to the son and his wife or perhaps they again portion off a daughter with the same money.

In appearance the natives of Arran are a fine and pleasing-looking race; the women and girls modest and gentle, without any trace of awkwardness in manner, and full of kindliness, as we frequently experienced; the men bold and hardy fishermen, who will venture out in their corracks in wild seas that would terrify a landsman to think of. Indeed their pastors have to exercise no small courage in going from island to island on their ministrations, for, as

THE ARRAN FISHERMEN

have a tradition that no boat in which a priest is can be lost, they will man the priest's corrach on a Sunday in winter when any boat but one carrying a clergyman must inevitably be lost, and is sometimes happens that it is on the crest of a wave the soggarth is landed on the Middle or the Eastern Island.

One who has not lived long and intimately among these islanders cannot speak from his own knowledge of more than such salient traits of character or manner as must catch the attention at once; but those who know them well have told of their earnest piety, their honesty, their sobriety, their affection for and gratitude to those who befriend them, and their passionate attachment to their islane home. Of their industry and love of independence I can speak from my own knowledge: I was in Arran at a time when great distress yet prevailed after the famine of 1885—a small, a scandalously small sum had been given by the government for relief work, and a little harbor was to be made. The sum allowed of the employment of but one out of each family proved to be in dire necessity, that one to receive one shilling a day—six shillings a week for perhaps ten in family. I saw the poor men beseeching the priest, the gentleman in charge of the works—even beseeching us to intercede for them for work—no matter how hard, but employment of any kind, to save their little children from beggary. Even women begged for men's work, ready to toil knee deep in the sea if they could but get honest employment. It was no fit labor for women, yet one fine young girl on my wondering and pitying so earnestly that it was impossible to refuse her, and, when work had been assigned to her, she joyfully toiled as hard as anyone, carrying huge stones and doing all required of a strong man, all—that she might get that pittance with which to support her little orphan brothers and sisters—for the father and mother were dead.—*Mary Bunim in the Dublin Freeman.*

Hibernian Rifle Club.

The Hibernian Rifle Pleasure Club gave a reception and hop at Curran Hall last Saturday evening. About 300 of the friends and members of the club filled the big hall, which presented a spectacle of unusual brilliancy and beauty. At 9 o'clock Mr. P. J. Duffy and Miss Duffy led off the Grand March to the melody of Prof. Roddy's Hibernian Orchestra. At 11 o'clock the great doors leading into the dancing hall swung open and the two tug-of-war teams entered, led by Capt. Garrett J. Carroll and Capt. James H. Lynch. They made a very fine appearance. After a very exciting contest Capt. Jas. H. Lynch's team was declared victorious. Among those present were Col. T. L. Hartigan, Lieut. Col. Francis C. Colby, Mr. and Mrs. Coleman, Mr. and Mrs. Bailey, Mr. J. J. Farrell, Mr. J. J. Curran, Mr. M. T. Brady, Mr. L. R. Buckley, Miss Solon, Miss Kennedy, Miss Dalton, Miss Ryan, Miss Hussey, Miss Farrelly, Miss Nellie Sullivan, and many others.

"The Talleyrand Memoirs" in The Century.

The Century magazine is running a fast press day and night in order to print the first installment of the delayed "Talleyrand Memoirs" in the January number. This same magazine was the first to print, before its appearance in France, the life and literary remains of the great French artist, Jean Francois Millet, and now *The Century* is to bring to light, before they appear in any other country, the long-hidden memoirs of the most famous of French diplomatists. This first article will be preceded by what is said to be a brilliant pen-portrait of Talleyrand, by Minister Whitelaw Reid, who has made the selections from the most interesting chapters of the first volume.

The first instalment of selections from "The Memoirs of Talleyrand," which is to appear in the January *Century*, will contain a sketch of the author's strange and lonely childhood; an account of his entry into Parisian society, his estimate of Lafayette, some account of the beginnings of the French revolution, a striking passage concerning the Duke of Orleans, an account of Talleyrand's residence in England and America, and of a most interesting conversation between Talleyrand and Hamilton on the subject of free trade and protection.

DON'T SAY there is no help for catarrh, hay fever and cold in head, since thousands testify that Ely's Cream Balm has entirely cured them. It supersedes the dangerous use of liquids and snuffs. It is easily applied into the nostrils and gives relief at once. Price 50 cents.

Ins. 1 2 THE BRITISH LIBRARY

THE

SHAN VAN VOCHT:

A STORY OF THE

United Irishmen.

BY JAMES MURPHY

Author of "Hugh Roach, the Ribbonman," "Ulic Fitzmaurice," "The Fortunes of Maurice O'Donnell," "Nollie, or the Lost Treasure," "The Forge of Clohogue," Etc., Etc., Etc.

CHAPTER XXIV.

A STRANGE DISCOVERY.

With quick and nervous strokes the two men swept the boat over the reach of sea that intervened between the islet and the shore.

They were not long in reaching the latter, but as they approached they were considerably startled to see lights moving over the water further inshore.

"Stay your oars, Eugene," said Redmond, as the light fell on his eye; "These are the man of war's boatmen pulling along the shore in search of us. Keep quiet as death for a while. Let the boat rock along with the tide."

"It is not a boat," said Eugene, after they had left theirs drift for some time; "it is a light moving along the strand. I hear no saund of voices, and that motion is not the tossing motion of a light on sea. It is someone walking on the strand with a lantern."

"I believe you are right," said his companion, after an earnest and attentive gaze at it, "and see! yonder, higher up, is another and steadier light. That is in some house. We are near succor. Thank Heaven, for the poor girl's sake."

"Shall we pull in?"

"Yes, I think we may."

"Lay to, then."

They bent to their oars in order to carry the boat swiftly and strongly through the surf and ground her on the sand safely.

Just as Eugene thought, the light was not on sea but on shore; their skiff headed for the latter—it advanced to meet them; and when, after a rapid run through the white surf, the boat grounded firmly on the strand, the light and its bearer stood but very little way from them in the darkness. Save and except the light, however very little of the bearer was to be seen, for the gleaming white phosphorescent foam made by contrast the darkness around blacker still.

Eugene stepping out on the strand, addressed the bearer of the light:

"We are strangers here. We are in great need of assistance—in urgent need. but to his infinite amazement the light was suddenly extinguished, and they were left in utter darkness.

Redmond called to him:

"Steady the boat, Eugene, or it will turn on its side. Help me out with this poor girl first."

Eugene did so, and with difficulty they lifted the still unconscious form out of the boat.

"What shall we do now, Redmond? Where was that light? Was it not most strange that it was extinguished?"

"Very. It was more worthy of wreckers in Cornwall than of our Irish people. They do not usually act so to people in distress."

"What step shall we take now?"

"Why, the first thing would be to shove the boat out, and let the waves and tide bear her whither they will. If we leave her here she will be a clue to where we are."

"Very true," said Eugene, as he caught hold of the prow, and with a vigorous push sent her spinning, stern foremost, into the boiling waves. "I had not thought of that. There she goes. She will have drifted miles away before daybreak."

"And the next thing is to bear this poor thing to the shelter of that light we saw higher up. I trust it will be of more service to us than that which has so singularly disappeared."

"Will you be able to bear her weight, for I must coofess I am not able?"

"With the greatest ease; she is not the weight of a feather, poor girl."

Fortunately the ground sloped, a little higher up, to the cliffs above; and after some searching and groping their way, Eugene going first and acting as leader, they reached the top, whence the light again became visible, steadily burning as before.

"You are right, Redmond; it is a house. That light is burning in a room—perhaps for someone ill. If so we shall have further assurance of sympathy and shelter."

"Let us push on; this poor thing breathes heavily. She may die in our arms before we get there."

They hurried on and reached the house, the door of which, fronting them as they approached, stood open. Without delay they bore her inside—into a large ruined hall empty of all but darkness.

Finding no one, Eugene stamped on the floor.

There was no response. There was no answering stir to indicate that anyone had heard them.

He stamped again with his heel.

But the echoes of the stone floor in the empty hall alone gave response.

A third time proved equally fruitless.

"Search for a door and knock at it. The house must surely be inhabited," said Redmond, who was beginning to find himself growing weak and faint from his exertions.

Eugene did as he was desired—found a door in the darkness and knocked strongly against it. But further than adding to and changing the form of the previous echoes, there was no result.

"Anyone here?" Redmond called aloud impatiently. "Is there anyone in the house? Strangers are here—needing assistance!"

His voice came back to him from distant corridors and rumbled up stone staircases; but it died out as they listened, and again all was silence.

"This is extremely strange;" said Redmond after a pause; "there seems to be no one living here. I declare I think we are bewitched."

"We are like people under some curious spell, certainly," whispered Eugene. "What on earth is the meaning of it? Where can that light be? Here, Redmond, come here!" he added, as in groping around he opened a door. "There is a light yonder. And shelter. Come!"

Redmond bore his burthen to where his friend stood, and glancing along a dark corridor, saw, where, at some distance, a light from a room leading off it was reflected on the wall.

Thither they advanced, calling aloud as they did so, but no person made appearance. Finally they reached the place, and pushing the door, which was ajar, open, entered.

There was no one there either. But the lamp burning on the chimney showed the room to be a bedroom, and very comfortably furnished. A fire blazed on the hearth.

"By Jove! this is extraordinary," said Redmond in dire amazement; "but it is very fortunate, all the same. It really seems as if we had arrived in fairy land, or that some special Providence is guiding us."

He deposited his senseless burthen on the bed, and took over the lamp to see how she looked.

Her long hair fell over her face, neck, and shoulders to her waist, He put it back from her face, and tenderly wiped therefrom, also, the stains of blood and clay that crusted on it.

Eugene had discovered and opened a cupboard in which were a quantity of bottles of wine and other luxuries, and was about informing his companion of the fact, when an exclamation of surprise and horror from the latter drew him at once to his side.

"What is amiss, Redmond! She is not dead—is she?" he asked in affright.

"Alice—Alice Trainon!" said Redmond with difficulty, for his lips almost refused to perform their office.

"Who? Do you know her?"

Alice—Alice Trainon," said Redmond incoherently.

"Who is Alice Trainon?" asked Eugene in much surprise.

"Alice Lefebre—your——" His lips refused to continue their office further.

"Your—your what? Speak, for Heaven's sake," said Eugene.

"Sister."

"My sister! Is that what you say?"

Redmond could scarcely nod an affirmation.

"Alice Lefebre—my sister! What can you mean?" asked Eugene, with a strange expression of surprise in his voice, placing his hand on the other's shoulder and turning him around.

"It is she, Eugene. Merciful providence of God! What could have brought her here?"

"You must be dreaming, Redmond. Alice is in France," said Eugene, with a cry of dismay and perplexity.

"It is she, Eugene, however she came came to be here. I saw her lately. You have not seen her since childhood! It is she beyond all mistake."

Eugene stood in a stupor—a stupor in which astonishment and doubt, and boundless perplexity, nearly paralyzed his every nerve.

"See Eugene! Stir yourself. She will die if we do not attend to her. Is there anything to drink in the room? Quick! get me some if there is."

Eugene walked mechanically over to the cupboard, and brought over a decanter of brandy. Pouring out some into a wine glass, Redmond poured a few drops slowly between her lips. A stronger breathing showed that the stimulant had helped to revive her.

"Take off her boots, Eugene, and fill that bottle with hot water, and place it to her feet. There! Wrap her up warmly. I wonder is there any womankind in the house? Stay here for a few minutes while I see."

"Redmond, if you are right!—but you cannot be! It is impossible!——"

Indeed it was no wonder he concluded it impossible. The events of the night had been of themselves sufficiently strange, but this seemed so marvellous as to border on the region of coherency and dreams, so that Eugene appeared to himself to be half dazed, and was in truth quite unable to realize the statement of his companion.

"I am correct enough," said Redmond, glancing again at the unconscious face. "Whatever extraordinary occurrence brought her here, it is surely she. Heaven save her!"

Tossing off a tumbler of brandy to strengthen him after his exceeding fatigue and the extraordinary shocks of surprise he had received, Redmond went on a visit of exploration, with a candle in his hand.

In a few minutes he returned.

"There is only another room in the house furnished, and that is untenanted, too," he said, when he returned. "The place seems a ruin, inhabited only lately for some passing occasion. I wonder where the inmates are. It is very strange," he added perplexedly.

"I had better close these shutters. This light may serve as a beacon in case our friends from the Thunderer may be searching for us," Redmond said again, suiting the action to the word.

"It seems to me as if I am only dreaming, and that I am on board the Thunderer still," said Eugene, when he had performed the offices for the patient desired by Redmond, and her more composed breathing indicating that she had profited by it, he took his seat by his friend at the fire, their tumblers full of the agreeable and highly acceptable drink, resting on the chimney piece.

"Just the very thought that was passing through my head. Only that these"—pointing to the fire and the tumblers—"are not accessories found on board ship, I should certainly believe it."

"I have had a good many extraordinary adventures in my lifetime since I was carried away from school and placed as a midshipman on board La Vengeur, but they all pale before the events of this night. You cannot be mistaken here?" nodding towards the bed where the patient— whose heavy breathing was louder than their whisper—lay.

"No. I am quite certain."

"What could have brought the dear girl there? She could not have been coming across—on board a vessel that was wrecked."

"It would be useless guessing at present. Our first business when the day comes will be to get her proper assistance, and see if her life can be preserved. The next thing will be to place ourselves in a place of safety. For a diligent search will be made along the coast for us."

GAELIC POETRY.

Mediae Noctis Consilium.

[LEANTA O'N T-SEACHT-MUAIN SO CHUAIDH THART.]

AN TREAS ROINN.

Iona bh-fuil an Túrnae mná ag argúin leis an sean-duine agus ag gabháil páirt na m-ban.

Tar éis do'n aingir bheith tamall ag éisteacht,
Léim 'na seasamh go tapa gan foighneadh,
Labhair sí leis agus lasa 'na súile,
'S rabharta feirge, feille, 'cí fúghthadh.
Dar coróin na Carraige mun m-beith le géile,
Dod' chlódh, dod' aindise, 's d'easbadh do chéille,
'S d'am na h-urramadh do'n chuideachta shéimh so,
An ceann lem'ionguin do sgiobfuin dod' chaol-sgroig.
Do leagfaiun anuas ad thuairt fó'n m-bórd tu,
'So dob' fhada le luadh gach cuaird da ngeóbhainn ort,
Stracfainn srangadh do bheatha le fonn-ceasl,
'S sheóifuinn t-anam go h-Aiceron tóantach;
Ní fiú liom freagra freasdail do thabhairt ort,
A shnúmhaire fleasgaig nach aithiseach labhartha,
Acht 'neósad feasta do mhatt'aibh na cúirte,
An nós 'nar cailleag an aingir nar bh-fú tu,
Do bhí sí lag gan badh, gan púntadh,
Do bhí sí bh-fad gan teas, gan clúdadh,
Cortha dá saoghal,—air strae da seóladh,
O phosta go pléar, gan gaodhal, gan cómhgus,
Gan s-gith, gan spás, do lá ná d'oídhche,
Ag stracadh an aráin o mhná nár chuíbhe lé.
Do gheall an fear so dreas soéhúmhail dí,
Do gheall an spreas dí teas 's clúda,
Cothram glan, 's badh le crú dí,
'S codla fada air leaba chlúimh dí,
Ballaidha fód gan lóithne gaoithe,
Tealiadha teó 'gus móin a daoithin,
Fothain 's díon o'n síou, 's o'n spéir dí,
Olian's lion le snídheamh chum éadaig,
Dob' fheasach do'n t-saoghal 's do'n phéist go láithreach
Nách taithneamh, ná téigheamh, na aon-phioc gráóh dho,
Cheangail an péarladh maorga mna so,
Acht easnamh an tsaoghail, bhudh dhéire lé'n tsásdacht.
Budh dhúbhach an fuadar suaircas oídheche,
Smúit 's ualach, guais 's líonadh,
Lúinnighe luadh, 'gus guaille caoladh,
'S glúinne cruadh co fuag le h-ighre.
Cosa feoighte dóighte ó'n ngroisaig,
'S colann dhreoighte, bhreoighte chrionadh.
An bh-fuil stuaire beó ná feóthfach liath,
Ag chuaill dá short bheith póda riamh,
Nár chuardaig fós fá dhó le bliaghain,
Cia buachaill óg í, feoil, nó iasg,
'San feóthfach fuar so suas le sínte,
Dreoighte, duaire, gan busdh gan blogadh,
Och! cá'r mhór di bualadh broghmhar,
Air nós budh dhual dhá uair san oídhche,
'Sgo m'fhearr lé cuaird o bhuachaill sgaoilte,
Na ejaion bheith ahuas o luan go h-aoine.
'Sa m'aite lé sgathamh de air leabain d'eis luighe dhi,
Air theacht na maidne as d-taca an mheódhan-oídheche,
Na orgáin bheanaighthe, 's spreagairseacht píbe,
'Sná 'n chlóireach leathan so Ghe[illegible] Ghríobhtha
Is furas díbh aithne m[illegible] th díreach,
Bean a n-aisdear air le[illegible] sgaoilte,
An bás nuair sgaran lé[illegible]
Dar lamh mo charad-s[illegible] di-chuis,
Nach claoidhte an gal[illegible] -duine crionadh,
Bheith a geulbhreach[illegible] um suighte,
Nár síu a bhaochall, 's[illegible] Brighde.
O oídhche na marbh[illegible]

[LE HEITH LEANT.]

The daylight peeped through the closed shutter whilst they continued their[illegible] dued, but anxious and perplexed, conversation. It was impossible to throw light on this singular occurrence—and in a state in which Eugene could scarcely realize that he was not dreaming, or the subject of some singular hallucination, they awaited the dawn.

"It is time, I think, to extinguish this and admit the morning light," said Redmond, as he blew out the lamp, and walked over to and opened the shutter.

A flood of light burst into the room as he did so, showing that the dawn[illegible] passed whilst they talked. It was in fact, quite bright.

"We seem almost to be on a desert island," said Redmond, as he surveyed the scene before him; "there is nothing but rocks and ruin around."

"Hallo! Eugene, come here. Quick! come here. Look yonder!"

Eugene hurried to the window and glanced in the direction indicated.

His heart suddenly stopped beating. On the sea, about half a mile distant, the man-of-war's boat crew was visible proceeding downward along the coast, and attached to the stern of their vessel by means of a rope was a small boat.

"We have had a narrow escape. What is that they have in tow? It can possibly be our boat?"

"It is nothing less," said Redmond, as he watched keenly the distant rowers; "it has drifted nor'ards with the tide, and they have found it. Furthermore, I fancy they are turning inwards. There—these confounded ruins shut out the view."

"If they do we shall be undoubtedly discovered," said Eugene.

"We shall, not a doubt of it, for we can not abandon poor Alice, under any circumstances. I shall creep over to yonder ruins that now hide our view, and see what they mean. You remain here, Eugene, until I return."

Sheltering himself from observation by the rocks and old walls which lay in his way, Redmond reached the ruined abbey. From behind a wall whose stone casemented window gave open view of the sea, he watched the enemy. At first they turned their helm towards the shore, and his heart throbbed within him. They seemed to be undecided what to do; divided counsels seemed to exist on board, as the boat lay motionless for a while. Finally, they turned her head once more to the sea, tacked around, and bore away.

With a genuine prayer of thanksgiving, Redmond watched the retreating boat as the wind filled her sails and swept her off.

He was about turning round to bear back the joyful news to his friend, when a rustling behind him caught on his ear.

A hand was laid on his shoulder, and a girl's voice said behind him:

"Luke."

[CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.]

LATEST IRISH DEATHS.

CROSBIE—At No. 9 Kenilworth terrace, Rathgar, Dublin, the residence of her son-in-law, Dec. 14, Catherine, widow of James Ralph Crosbie, Esq., Victoria Cottage, Wexford, and beloved mother of John Henry Crosbie, Kells, county Meath, in her 76th year.

CULLEN—At her residence, Garryvacum, Portarlington, Dec. 13, Margaret, relict of the late John Cullen, aged 65.

DORAN—Dec. 13, Bridget, wife of John Doran, Hotel, Naas, and daughter of Thos Hanlon, Blessington, aged 33.

GORDON—At No. 5 Rosehall street, Glasgow, Dec. 13, Nannie, wife of Michael Gordon, and daughter of the late Martin Madden, Esq., of Loughrea.

MAGUIRE—Dec. 12, Elizabeth, daughter of the late John Maguire, Kilkenny, county Leitrim.

POWER—Dec. 14, Mary Jane Power, widow of Patrick Power, formerly of Anastown, county Waterford, and mother late Thomas Power, D. W. and

—Dec. 17, Anne Jane (Anna), wife Davis, Eglish Lodge, Parsonand daughter of the late Frederick Eglish Castle.

—At No. 26 Pembroke road, Dubc. 17, Maria, widow of the late 'air, Esq., Hollymount and Cartron, , county Mayo.

MLEY—At 48 Marlborough street, , Mary L. Grumley.

NING—At 6 Synott place, Dublin, 7, Martha Maria, eldest daughter of te Francis G. Manning, Esq., of stown, county Louth, aged 24.

REW—Dec. 4, at No. 17 Waterloo Dublin, Henry Cathrew, aged 61

NEILLE—Dec. 3, at No. 8 Charlestreet, Dublin, Lizzie A., wife of v. Edwin Corneille, Donegal, and t daughter of the late James Griffin, nnis, Skerries.

RRELL—Dec. 3, at No. 2 Redcow Elizabeth Farrell, relict of the late ard Farrell, of Kelly's avenue, Kingstown.

VANAGH—Dec. 4, at Our Lady's Hos for the Dying, Haroldscross, Martin ence Kavanagh, of 19 Middle Gardr street, youngest son of the late Patrick Kavanagh, formerly of Dublin, and late of Thurles, county Tipperary.

KELLY—Dec. 4, at his residence, No. 10 Jane Villa cottages, West road, Dublin, John Kelly.

KELLY—Dec. 4, at the residence of her sister, Mary Kelly, eldest daughter of Andrew and Ann Kelly, Balladowlin, Rathdrum, county Wicklow.

MCDONNELL—Dec. 3, at his residence, Roscommon, Farrell McDonnell, aged 86 years.

CONNELL—Dec. 12, at Skryne, county Meath, the wife of James Connell.

FAHY—Dec. 15, at the residence of his son, John Fahy, No. 26, North William street, Dublin, Patrick Fahy.

FARRELL—Dec. 8, from accidental gunshot wound, William Farrell, Barrow House, Shanganamore, Athy, second son of the late Michael Farrell.

POWER—Dec. 14, at Caherilly, The Grange, county Limerick, Catherine, wife of John Power.

HYNES—Dec. 11, at Islandeady, Castlebar, Francis Joseph, third son of the late Edward Hynes, aged 32 years.

LEETCH—Dec. 15, at Kilkelly, Margaret, wife of Thomas Leetch, postmaster, aged 60 years.

SATTELLE—Dec. 15, at Cork street Hospital, Dublin, Teresa, daughter of the late Samuel Sattelle.

BRYAN—Dec. 8, at Ballydowd, Lucan, John Bryan, aged 41 years.

BURKE—Dec. 8, at Cliffden Cottage, Cliffden, John Burke, Clerk of Union, aged 60 years.

GEARY—Dec. 8, at No. 3 Vavasour square, Bath avenue, Dublin, John Geary, Irish Land Commission, aged 38 years.

JONES—Dec. 9, at her residence, Main street, Templemore, Margaret, relict of the late William Jones.

MCDONNELL—Dec. 8, at Northgate st., Athlone, John McDonnell, aged 75 years.

WALSH—Dec. 9, William Walsh, aged 90 years, youngest son of Philip Walsh, No. 10 Lower Dominick street, Dublin.

A CENTURY of progress has not produced a remedy equal to Ely's Cream Balm for catarrh, cold in the head and hay fever. It is not a liquid or a snuff, but is perfectly safe and easily applied into the nostrils. It gives immediate relief and cures the worst cases.

A faded and discolored beard is untidy and a misfortune. It may be prevented by using Buckingham's Dye for the Whiskers, a never failing remedy.

BY AN EYE-WITNESS.

The History of the Closing and Most Dramatic Epoch in American Indian Warfare, as Told by John F. Finerty.

The American, Irish-American and British Press Pronounce the Book to be a Literary, as Well as Historical, Triumph.

A VERY READABLE AND COMMENDABLE BOOK.
[*New York Critic.*]

With the causes of the war the army, of course, had nothing to do. The conduct of the officers and soldiers throughout seems to have been admirable. It was marked by equal bravery and humanity—virtues which had often to be exercised under very trying circumstances. The author, sharing in these good qualities, and having with them the effervescent spirit of his Irish temperament, and the ready pen of the practiced newspaper correspondent, was well qualified to be the historian of such a conflict. His style, if occasionally careless and some times luxuriant in expression, is always animated and graphic.

A TRUTHFUL AND SPIRITED STORY.
[*New York Nation, July 31.*]

If this stirring narrative is read as it deserves, the people will learn of hardships and peril encountered by their military forces that not one in a hundred thousand ever dreams of. The historian accompanied Crook on his Big Horn expedition, and, as there is no rear in an Indian fight, was in the thick of it on the Rosebud when Crook and the Sioux mutually recoiled. Mr. Finerty writes clearly, and evidently has an ancestral love of fighting from the facility with which he takes his place in the ranks. But he never boasts.

NO MILITARY WRITER EXCEEDS HIM FOR PICTORIAL DESCRIPTIVENESS.
[*Brooklyn Eagle.*]

"No military writer exceeds him for pictorial descriptiveness of either march, battle or bivouac, nor for the lighter touches of camp humor, incident and character, or those of natural scenery, which make such severe work tolerable to those who experience or those who read it. There are few such truthful and powerful pictures of military operations against brave and skillful savages in so vast a country, often as savage as the Indians to be fought."

ENTERTAINING AS AROMANTIC NOVEL.
[*Hon. J. Medill, Chicago Tribune.*]

"The author participated in nearly every skirmish of the campaigns of which he writes. His book, therefore, is not lacking in historical accuracy. Its arrangement is capital. The narrative never flags. It is as entertaining as a romatic novel. Here and there one finds eloquent bits of scenic description."

REVIEWED BY THE SAXONS.
[*London Saturday Review (Tory) July 12.*]

The best adventure in the book is "The Sibley Scout," the experiences of a small reconnoitring party sent out to discover Indians who, in large force, discovered them. Mr. Finerty with a hundred rounds of ammunition had occasion to expend much of it. The story, with its sudden turns, is excellently narrated.

REVIEWED BY THE SCOTCH.
[*Edinboro (Scotland) Scotsman.*]

"Mr. Finerty's narrative reads like a romance of Fenimore Cooper or of Mayne Reid; but it has also the impress of true history. General Crook is the chief hero of these battles and marches, night watches and surprises, among the wild scenery of the 'Bad Lands,' or on the wide stage of the prairies; and General Custer is the chief martyr. The 'red man' also deserves his meed of praise as a fighter; and in our century there have been few such formidable Indian figures as that of Sitting Bull.

A FASCINATING STORY.
[*Chicago Herald.*]

"A more fascinating story of Indian warfare it has not been our good fortune to read for many a day. Aside from mere personal interest the work is a valuable contribution to our western history, and should be read alike by those who love a story of adventure and those who are interested in the story of the subjugation of the West.

AN EX-CONFEDERATE'S OPINION.
[*Col. John George Ryan in The Press-Eagle, Pine Bluff, Ark.*]

Reader, send at once for a copy of John F. Finerty's recent book entitled "Warpath and Bivouac; or, the Conquest of the Sioux." It is a splendid contribution to the historical literature of the day, and should be within the walls of every household. The book reads more like a vivid romance than a concise narrative of adventures among, and battles with, hostile Indians. Mr. Finerty's book will read like an enchanting novel in the hands of a girl, while to the man who was often hid by the smoke of battle in 1861-5, or at other times, the work will be of absorbing interest.

NO NEW CHAPTER CAN BE ADDED.
[*Bismarck Tribune.*]

Even those familiar with the history of the Custer massacre will read with fresh interest the graphic details leading up to that terrible slaughter, as related by the *Times* correspondent, Mr. Finerty, and now offered to the public in the volume with the above title. The campaign of 1879, on the British line, which embraces Gen. Miles' battle with Chief Joseph; Sitting Bull's last fight, and the rounding up of that expedition, which might be considered as a termination of Indian warfare, forms an interesting part of the volume and it may safely be asserted that no new material will ever be furnished that can add another chapter of like interest to the history of progress on this continent in supplanting barbarism with civilization.

DIRECT, VIVID AND VIGOROUS.
[*New York Times.*]

"It is a handsome octavo volume of nearly 500 pages, furnished with well executed maps and illustrations, written in the author's nervous, vigorous and picturesque style. It gives a complete and circumstantial account of the great Indian wars of 1876 and 1879, not gathered piecemeal from what others have written, but told in the direct vivid way of one who saw and knew of what he writes."

IT WAS A TERRIBLE CAMPAIGN.
[*New York Herald.*]

"Mr. Finerty's story was not obtained at headquarters, or from official reports, but through participation in all the work described. He tells just such a tale as might be expected from an intelligent soldier, except that he gives us more details, all of them interesting, of camp life and the march."

NOTHING MORE GRAPHIC SINCE WASHINGTON IRVING
[*John Boyle O'Reilly, in Boston Pilot.*]

"In 'Warpath and Bivouac,' by John F. Finerty, we have the truthful story of the Sioux campaign of 1876, from the pen of a gallant correspondent who shared in all its thrilling dangers and vicissitudes. Nothing more graphic in that line has been written since Irving's stirring narratives of "Astoria" and "Captain Bonneville's Adventures."

A RELIGIOUS CRITIC.
[*New York Independent.*]

Mr. John F. Finerty, war correspondent of the Chicago *Times*, has graphically told the story of the conquest of the Sioux, which included some of the fiercest and bloodiest fighting ever done on our frontier. It is history that we have here, narrated by one of the active participants in the scenes depicted. Mr. Finerty writes in the true journalistic mood, with an eye to effect; but he tells all that one cares to know and tells it well.

MRS. GEN. JOHN A. LOGAN'S CRITICISM.
[*The Home Magazine.*]

"Warpath and Bivouac; or, The Conquest of the Sioux," by John F. Finerty, is one of the brightest and best written stories of our conquest of the Indians that we have ever read. The gifted author has immortalized in eloquent language the sacrifices, trials, and hardships of our gallant officers and soldiers, in their long and trying chases after the wily red man, over ground well known to him, but unknown to them, graphically describing the many bloody conflicts with these treacherous foes. As a nation, we have not fully recognized the services of such heroic officers as Harney, Fremont, Sully, Stanley, Connors, Crook, Miles, Merritt, Terry, McKenzie, Gibbon, Carr, Lawton, Custer, McCauly, Fetterman, Kidder, Elliott, Brown, Grummond, Yates, McKinney, and a host of others, who have displayed such signal ability and dauntless courage in their campaigns and intercourse with the hostile Indians, far too many falling victims to these rapacious savages. We have lost sight of their deeds of daring in our desire to reward the soldiers of the civil war.

The unmarked graves, butchered bodies, and bleaching bones of the fallen on the plains, and in the mountains of the Far West, should not appeal to us in vain. Mr. Finerty has placed the facts before the public as they have never been placed before, and he deserves for his noble work the thanks of the whole country, and a rich harvest from the sale of his book.

TRUTHFUL AND PICTURESQUE.
[*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*]

"The pictures of the life on the frontier are splendidly drawn. Wherever a soldier or friend fell in answer to the summons, or performed an act of heroism, it will be found recorded in 'Warpath and Bivouac.'"

MORE ATTRACTIVE THAN FICTION.
[*Scranton (Pa.) Truth.*]

"Mr. Finerty's book is more attractive than fiction. It depicts with the facile pen of a man who sees and appreciates the picturesque in real life, some of the most thrilling incidents of Indian history, and the author has brought to his task the great merit of accuracy. The volume deserves a large sale."

INTERESTING FROM START TO FINISH.
[*Chicago Morning News.*]

"Mr. Finerty's book contains all the material facts of a history of the operations against the Sioux, but it is written in a narrative style and is interesting from start to finish. His descriptions of the Rosebud fight, the "Sibley Scout," the engagement at Slim Buttes, and his story of the long march in pursuit of the Indians after the Custer massacre, have never been equaled."

INTERESTING AS FENIMORE COOPER.
[*Chicago Evening Journal.*]

"Probably the most exciting chapters of the work are those in which are described the adventures of the Sibley scouting expedition, which the author obtained leave to accompany, and which came near resulting in the capture and death of all who took part in it. The story of the way in which this little band of men were surprised by the Indians, of their siege by ever-increasing numbers of savage foes, of their stout resistance, and of their skilfully managed retreat when all escape seemed hopeless, is none the less interesting because it is strictly true, and is quite as thrilling as a chapter of Fenimore Cooper's novels."

PRICE: Full Cloth, $3.00; Half Morocco, $3.50; Full Morocco, $5.00. For Sale at the office of publication, No. 79 Dearborn st., Room 30, Chicago, and by all Leading Booksellers.

Electric Belt Free.

To introduce it and obtain agents the undersigned firm will give away a few of their $5 00 German Electric Belts invented by Prof. Van der Weyde, Pres. of the New York Electrical Society (U.S. Pat. 257,647) a positive cure for Nervous Debility, Rheumatism, Loss of Power, &c. Address Electric Agency, P. O. Box 178 Brooklyn, N. Y. Write to them to-day.

Consumption Surely Cured.

To the Editor: Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for consumption. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their Express and P. O. Address. Respectfully, T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 181 Pearl street, New York.

AN INTERESTING SIGHT.

The Surrender of Big Foot and His Band.

THE INDIAN TROUBLE ABOUT OVER.

Chief Big Foot, with 150 Braves Drawn Up in Battle Array, Surrenders the Entire Force Without a Shot Being Fired—Sitting Bull's Following Included Among the Prisoners—Gen. Miles Starts for Pine Ridge Agency.

PINE RIDGE, S. D., Dec. 29.—Big Foot and his band of hostiles have been captured by the Seventh cavalry, under Capt. Whitesides. The capture was made on Porcupine creek without a conflict. All the other Indians in the Bad Lands have decided to come in, and the probabilities are that the trouble is ended.

The surrender of Big Foot and his band of hostiles was an interesting sight. The morning was bright and warm as a summer's day. Every one of the soldiers had his overcoat off and was talking weather. The fifteen Indian scouts had been gone two days and no word from them.

Indians Drawn Up in Line.

Little Battle started out at daybreak, and at 10:30 was seen dashing over the ridge for camp waving his hat. In a few minutes he was at Maj. Whiteside's quarters with the good news that Big Foot was only eight miles away. Boots and saddles was sounded, and if ever a lot of men got out of camp in a hurry it was the veterans of the Seventh. In a few moments they were hurrying over the ridge eastward toward Porcupine Butte. Passing that they turned north and east, descending the slope to the Porcupine valley, where they soon found Big Foot's band drawn up in line like soldiers, and apparently ready for battle. There were over 150 bucks, heavily armed, facing the cavalry that they met last in 1876 on the Little Big Horn. One shot from any source and a tragedy would go over the wires, but Big Foot advanced from his side and Maj. Whiteside from the boys in blue.

Must Surrender or Fight.

Big Foot started in for a long talk on how weary he was of running around, and said he wanted to open his heart to the chief of the soldiers. Whiteside was there, however, for business, not talk, and said that he must surrender or fight. Like magic up went a flag of truce, and Big Foot surrendered his band of over 150 warriors and 250 women and children. The prisoners were marched over to the old camp on Wounded Knee. The battalion has surrounded the Indian camp and will keep vigilant guard over them until more troops arrive. The prisoners include the Sitting Bull gang that fled after their chief's death. Scouts just in report that Short Bull and his braves are on their way to the agency, and are in camp now at the Catholic mission, only six miles away.

INTERVIEW WITH RED CLOUD.

His Opinion of the Cause of the Trouble with the Indians.

NEW YORK, Dec. 29.—Father Francis M. Craft has recently had an interview with Chief Red Cloud. He asked the chief: "What in your opinion is the cause of the trouble among the Indians?" "Everybody seems to think that the belief in the coming of the Messiah has caused all the trouble. This is a mistake," he said. He laid all the troubles of the Indians to the "Indian department" of the government. Those in charge of it took care of themselves but not of the Indians. He declared: "The Indian department has almost destroyed us. Save us from it. Let the army take charge of us. We know it can help us. Let it manage our affairs in its own way."

Let the Sun Shine Again.

"If this can be done I will think that all this late trouble has been only a storm that broke the clouds. Let the sun shine on us again. There is one man whom we named 'Big - Long - Traveler' (Gen. O'Beirne), who some years ago helped us when we were in trouble and were about to starve. He was the first and only one who made the whites take away the little cattle they had brought to cheat us and made them bring cattle of full weight. Ask him to tell people what we suffer and what we need. He made people treat us well once while he was with us. I wrote to him to come here again, when we were in trouble, and make our case known. He understands it. Get him to help keep the army in charge of us."

Gen. Miles in the Saddle.

RAPID CITY, S. D., Dec. 29.—Gen. Miles will be in the saddle after Monday. He started Monday afternoon for Pine Ridge, going through the Bad Lands with an escort of scouts and the Sixth cavalry.

Passenger Traffic Being Resumed.

GLASGOW, Dec. 29.—The railway situation in Scotland steadily improves, and passenger traffic is being generally resumed. The North British Railway company has commenced reopening its local lines or "feeders" and the movement of freight trains is now slowly progressing. The attitude of employers and strikers alike remain unchanged. The men are determined to fight to the bitter end, and the railway officials remain stubborn in their purpose to crush the rebellious workmen.

Death of a Prominent Mason.

SAN FRANCISCO, Dec. 29.—Alexander G. Abell, one of the most prominent masons on the Pacific coast, died at his residence in this city Sunday. He was born in New York in 1818, and came to California in 1847. He held the office of grand secretary of the grand lodge of Free and Accepted Masons for thirty-five years. He was also grand commander of California commandery No. 1 Knights Templar for eight years. His funeral takes place on Thursday.

Another Bank Succumbs.

OMAHA, Neb., Dec. 29.—A special from Hastings, Neb., says: At a meeting of the stockholders of the City National bank held Saturday night, it was resolved to close its doors. The comptroller of currency at Washington has been telegraphed to send a receiver. The bank's affairs are in a bad shape, but assets and liabilities are not yet known.

Mrs. Mackay's Latest Purchase.

LONDON, Dec. 29.—Mrs. John W. Mackay has paid $350,000 for Sanford house, quite a handsome price for the property. She is now busy removing her art treasures from her Paris house, and they will be placed in the London mansion as soon as the necessary changes and repairs have been completed.

NEGRO GHOST DANCERS.

Kansas City Colored People Are Looking for a Messiah.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., Dec. 29.—The ghost dance now in progress among the negroes of this city is presided over by Reuben Carter, who proclaims himself as the forerunner of the black messiah who is coming. The dance is nothing more than the voodoo dance of the Louisiana and Georgia negroes, only it has not progressed as far as those terrible orgies. Carter led the mad dance with an energy that was surprising. He was stripped stark naked with the exception of a cloth fastened around his waist. His body was oiled until it shone in the light of the candles which were stuck around the room. About his neck and hanging down his back were a lot of rattlesnake skins. On his breast hung a voodoo charm string composed of bones, shells and odds and ends of all sorts.

A Monotonous Song.

In his left hand he carried a rabbit's foot, while in the right he held a willow wand, at one end of which was tied a bunch of rooster's feathers, which he whirled about as he danced. As the dance proceeded the assembled crowd kept up a monotonous song, full of melody, with a humming interlude, the refrain being the word "come," which some of the singers repeated constantly. Faster and faster grew the dance, until at last Carter came to a full stop. His eyes became fixed and assumed a glassy appearance, and he sank to the floor. Slowly, like one asleep, the prophet turned and rose to a kneeling position, and with his eyes still fixed began to talk.

The Promised Land.

He described how they would be led to a land where perpetual summer reigned, and where they would have all their hearts desired if they only had faith. They would be shown miracles and signs and wonders which would convince them that their leader was the true messiah. Oklahoma was the promised land; there magnificent cities would rise from the earth to be occupied by the blacks. He continued in this strain for more than an hour, and then dismissed the throng, bidding them spread the glad tidings among the people.

SUFFERING IN OKLAHOMA.

The People of the New Territory in a Deplorable Condition.

TOPEKA, Kan., Dec. 29.—The people of Oklahoma are in a deplorable condition. Suffering is not confined to the rural districts, but to thousands who are trying to live in the half-dozen cities and towns. Many of these have come in from the country to get employment. Ed P. Greer, editor of The Winfield Courier and half-owner of The Guthrie Capitol, is in the city, and talked of the destitution of the people of Oklahoma. He said: "There are hundreds of men begging about the streets of Guthrie for work, willing to do anything to buy food for their hungry children. The same condition exists at Oklahoma City and Kingfisher. It could not be otherwise, for nothing has been produced in the territory since the opening but little cotton and a fair crop of turnips. Everything sold in the stores comes from outside, and prices are high." Unless immediate aid is furnished the people of that territory, many of whom are unable to get away, will starve. In all the early history of the western country there has not been such destitution as now prevails in Oklahoma.

PERISHED WITH COLD.

Men Frozen to Death in Illinois and New York.

PINCKNEYVILLE, Ills., Dec. 29.—Saturday night about 11 o'clock Karl Roth, a young German citizen of this place, started from town to his home about three blocks from the public square. This was the last seen of him until 6:30 Sunday morning when his body was found lying in the snow, frozen stiff. He died within ten feet of a house and probably made no outcry or the inmates would have heard him. It is supposed that he fell down and was unable to get up.

A Victim at New York.

NEW YORK, Dec. 29.—Frank A. Early, 40 years old, of 91 Courtland street, was found dead Monday morning in a snow heap at the corner of Frankfort and Pearl streets. His body was taken to the Oak Street Police station. Early was an operator on the waiting list of the Western Union Telegraph company. His wife and child are living in Newburgh, N. Y.

Anti-Kidnaping League.

NEW YORK, Dec. 29.—The new Anti-Kidnaping league's national committee have issued an address to the public, stating that many sane persons have been proved in court lately to be illegally imprisoned in lunatic asylums, and that such imprisonment is easily inflicted without trial and hard to escape from. It says that rich people whose property is coveted and persons whose spouses wish to get rid of them are specially liable to kidnaping. The committee asks all who know of such cases and all who feel themselves in danger of such incarceration to write to its secretary, Miss C. C. Lathrop.

Thinks It Is a Mare's Nest.

TORONTO, Ont., Dec. 29.—Col. Pope, United States consul here, said Saturday in reference to a New York newspaper special alleging that American consuls in Ontario have defrauded the United States out of $1,000,000: "I think it is nothing more than a mare's nest. The accounts of the consuls are inspected by the treasury department, and I do not see how fraud could go on without being discovered. There may be such a thing as petty dishonesty by some of the smaller agencies, but I think that $1,000,000 could be figured down to about $100.

A Rich Prize for Somebody.

CLEVELAND, O., Dec. 29.—Selah Chamberlain, grand uncle of Jennie Chamberlain, the famous American beauty, and an old resident of this city, died Sunday, aged 78. Mr. Chamberlain was a leading railroad constructor, having built most of the lines comprising the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul system and other roads. His fortune will amount to several million, of which his grand niece, Jennie, will probably inherit a large share, as he had no children of his own.

Clergymen Side with the Strikers.

EDINBURGH, Dec. 29.—At a large meeting Sunday, at which several clergymen delivered addresses, resolutions were adopted expressing sympathy with the strikers. The passenger service continues to improve, and mails are being handled with almost the customary regularity, but the freight traffic is still demoralized, and there are no signs of a settlement of the dispute.

DISASTER AND DEATH.

Sad End to Christmas Festivities at Philadelphia.

AN AGED LADY BURNED TO DEATH.

The Residence of Edward Penrose Catches Fire from a Christmas Tree and His Mother-in-Law Perishes in the Flames—A Woman and Three Children Cremated at Rochester, N. Y.—Fatal Boiler Explosion in Arkansas.

PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 26.—A fire Thursday evening in the residence of Edward Penrose, 2106 Gratz avenue, resulted in the death of his aged mother-in-law, Mrs. Fitzsimmons of Brooklyn, who was spending the holidays with her daughter, and the almost total destruction of the house. To please the little ones a Christmas tree had been put up and loaded with presents, tinsel and wax tapers. Before the tapers were lighted Thursday evening, Mrs. Fitzsimmons retired to her room. At 5:30 Mr. Penrose turned out all the other lights and lighted the little candles. When the children were admiring the brilliant effect a sheet of flame seemed to leap from the bottom of the tree to the topmost twigs, and almost before the party knew what had happened, the entire tree was a mass of flame, which soared up and ran along the wall and ceiling.

Could Not Find the Old Lady.

As Mr. and Mrs. Penrose reached the front door with the children in their arms they were met by the family of J. M. Dickey, who lives in the house next door, and who had seen the fire from their front window. Not seeing Mrs. Fitzsimmons with the party, Mrs. Dickey inquired where she was. Mrs. Penrose gave one look at her husband, and then covering her face with her hands, cried: "My God! My God! Mother is asleep in her room." The men made a rush for the third story, in the back room of which Mrs. Fitzsimmons was supposed to be sleeping. The house was by this time full of smoke, and the rescuing party was nearly suffocated by the time they reached the aged lady's room. Mr. Penrose and two others, however, groped their way to the bed, but Mrs. Fitzsimmons was not there. They felt around for her until forced to retire by the flames which began to creep up through the floor, the bed room being directly over the sitting room, where the fire started. They then came to the conclusion that Mrs. Fitzsimmons had escaped by a rear door.

Went in the Wrong Direction.

After the fire had been extinguished a the firemen had reached the room where the aged lady had slept they saw a large roll of charred bedclothing close to the wall, which proved to contain the almost cremated body of the missing woman. She had evidently been awakened by the smoke, and throwing the bedclothing over her head had attempted to reach the door, but dazed and bewildered she had gone in the wrong direction, and, falling close to the wall, had been unable to rise again. The dead woman was the widow of a prominent Brooklyn merchant who left a moderate forture. She is also an aunt of Edward H. Flood, the contractor and builder.

TERRIFIC BOILER EXPLOSION

One Man Blown Completely Away and Another Fatally Mangled.

NEWPORT, Ark., Dec. 26.—At about hour Thursday morning a boiler explosion occurred at the Kelley & Wells Lumber mills, on Black river, forty miles from here. The engineer, Wiley Sloan, and John Angues, the superintendent, were standing in front of the boiler when the explosion occurred. Angues was thrown against a lumber heap, breaking his back and tearing away a portion of his body. No traces of the body of Sloan, the engineer, can be found. A large section of the boiler was shot through the iron roof, then through the Texas deck of the steamer Golden Gate, anchored near by, and then across the river, 100 yards wide.

Two More Terribly Injured.

Maud West was frightfully scalded, and William Durgens had both legs broken in several places and was badly scalded. Four others were injured but not dangerously. The Kelley & Wells lumber plant was built here this summer at a cost of $25,000 and has been in operation only one week. The mills were all on barges in the water and towed from one place to another accessible to the best white oak timber. Loss, $30,000; no insurance.

A FRIGHTFUL ACCIDENT.

Mother and Three Children Burned to Death at Rochester, N. Y.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., Dec. 26.—In a fire on Orchard street early Friday morning Mrs. John Diedrich and her three children were burned to death. The origin of the fire is a mystery. Mrs. Diedrich had arisen at 4 o'clock to start a fire in the kitchen stove and awakened her husband soon after with an alarm of fire. She rushed in to save her three little children and perished in the flames. Her husband and one son escaped.

Men and Mules Burned.

PITTSBURG, Pa., Dec. 26.—Early Friday morning a miner's lamp exploded in the underground stables at the United Coke works of H. C. Frick & Co., near Mount Pleasant. The explosion set fire to the hay and feed. The flames spread to all parts of the mine, which is now burning with frightful fury. The tipple houses and several other buildings at the top of the shaft were also destroyed. A telegram from Greensburg, which is a considerable distance from the scene of the fire, states that several men and a number of mine mules were burned to death by the fire in Frick's United works.

Two Men Blown to Atoms.

LAKE HOPATCONG, N. J., Dec. 26.—The cartridge house of the works of the American Forsite Powder company near here, blew up at 7:30 o'clock Friday morning. The noise of the explosion was terrific and two workmen, John R. Johnson and Manlon Sperry, who were in the house at the time, were literally blown into fragments. The noise of the concussion was heard for several miles, and despite the heavy snow storm great crowds of people were flocking to the works all the morning.

'Twas a Sad Christmas for Them.

MILWAUKEE, Dec. 26.—The family of Henry Wiese, living at 307 Sixth avenue, spent a sorrowful Christmas. Wednesday night Mr. Wiese came home loaded down with presents for the family. In rushing to meet the father at the door, Ferdinand, a 3-year-old son, tripped and fell against the stove. When picked up the child was unconscious and died within a few minutes. His neck had been broken by the fall.

Found a Body in the Ruins.

BOSTON, Dec. 26.—The body of Frank McGovern was found in the ruins of the Bristol block which was burned on Wednesday night. McGovern had been employed at odd jobs about the building and probably gone to sleep in the cellar and was smothered before he awoke.

Seven Passengers Seriously Injured.

GRINNELL, Ia., Dec. 26.—A head-end collision occurred Thursday on the Iowa Central railroad near this place between a freight and passenger train. Seven passengers were seriously injured. The engineer of the passenger train jumped, and is believed to be fatally injured.

Shot Through the Head.

MIFFLINTOWN, Pa., Dec. 26.—During a rifle contest here, the weapon in the hands of Samuel Dunn, one of the contestants, was accidentally discharged. Oscar Conrad, a spectator, was shot through the head and instantly killed.

An Aged Lady Cremated.

SARATOGA, N. Y., Dec. 26.—Mrs. Ellen Gibbons, aged 80 years, was burned to death at her house on Ash street early Friday morning. It is not known whether her death was accidental or self-murder.

HAD A LIVELY FIGHT.

A Company of Cheyenne Scouts Attacked by the Sioux.

BATTLE CREEK, S. D., Dec. 26.—The situation here remains practically unchanged. The weather is cold and the rivers are frozen solid. A company of Cheyenne scouts is encamped at the mouth of Battle creek. Two attempts were made Wednesday by the hostiles, who number about eighty, to break into their camp. The first attack was made by only a few of the Indians, who were quickly repulsed with a loss of two killed and several wounded. Three of the Cheyenne Indian scouts were wounded, and it is thought that one is fatally hurt.

Led by Kicking Bear.

The second attack was made after dark by what was supposed to be the whole band, who were led by Kicking Bear himself. Volley after volley was fired on both sides, and a desultory fire was kept up by both parties for an hour or more. It is not known how many of the hostiles were killed, but judging from the reports of one of the scouts, there must have been several killed, as he says he heard several shout[illegible] language that they were hit. [illegible] sent to the scene at an early [illegible]ay morning, and report everything quiet and no hostiles in sight.

[illegible]d Be Done with the Money.

[illegible] Dec. 27.—The Freeman's [illegible] that communications have [illegible]een William O'Brien and [illegible]arrington, Parnellite, which [illegible]d in an arrangement whereby [illegible]now in the hands of the Na[illegible]ization are to be devoted to [illegible]nance of the tenants on the [illegible]paign estates, as well as other [illegible]charge of the National league. [illegible]sements will be made by Joseph [illegible] M. P., and Alfred Webb, M. P., [illegible]asurers of the evicted Irish fund. [illegible]designed by the arrangement [illegible]s raised in America shall be for[illegible]o both these gentlemen as treas[illegible]

[illegible] Killed by a Deadly Wire.

[illegible]n, Colo., Dec. 27.—Charles Mc[illegible], a lineman employed by the Elec[illegible]ht company, was instantly killed [illegible]evening by coming in contact with [illegible]ire. He was working on the top [illegible]pole near Eighteenth and Blake [illegible], and after receiving the shock he [illegible]oss the wires, his hand grasping the [illegible]at killed him. In a moment the [illegible]f burning flesh was distinguished [illegible]fore he could be taken down it became stronger and a blue smoke arose from three places on the poor fellow's body, producing a scene which caused the crowd to turn away with horror. He leaves a wife and family.

Explosion in a Sausage Factory.

CINCINNATI, Dec. 27.—A small boiler in Loewenstein's sausage factory at Ninth and John streets exploded at 11 o'clock Saturday morning. The building was demolished and the kitchen of Oscar Grey, at 249 John street, wrecked. Bertha Grey, aged 14 months, was instantly killed. Following are the names of the injured, none of whom are seriously hurt, except Mrs. Loewenstein, whose back was fractured and bruised badly: Mrs. Baum, Mrs. Betty Higgins, Jennie Grey, Mrs. Mary Grey, mother of Bertha, and Mike Kennedy.

Prominent Cincinnati Doctor Dead.

CINCINNATI, Ohio, Dec. 26.—Dr. John Davis, one of the oldest physicians of the city, died suddenly at his home on Elm street. He had been unusually happy with his wife and a few friends at the Christmast dinner, and at about 8:30, while sitting in his library, was attacked with a violent fit of coughing. In half an hour he was dead. It is said to be a case of heart disease. Dr. Davis was nearly 70 years old. He was an intimate friend of ex-President Hayes.

Surprised the Governor and Wife.

HARRISBURG, Pa., Dec. 27.—At a dinner given Friday evening by Governor and Mrs. Beaver to the members of the governor's cabinet, the host and hostess were given an agreeable surprise by the presentation to them of an elegant silver tea service as a token of esteem and as a memorial of their twenty-fifth wedding anniversary. Ex-Secretary Stone made the presentation speech.

Fatal Collision on the Rail.

FRESNO, Cal., Dec. 27.—A freight train and two wild engines collided three miles north of this city Friday night. J. Lafferty, a brakeman, was instantly killed. Engineer John Moore and Fireman Steivinger jumped. The latter was terribly mashed and cannot live. The engineer sustained a slight fracture of the hip and probably internal injuries.

Farmer Robbed of $14,000.

FOSTORIA, Ohio, Dec. 27.—Frank Myers, a farmer and agent for agricultural implements, tells a thrilling story about three robbers relieving him of $14,000 near the scene of the Kuhns-Campeau murder. The robbers impersonated officers and put Myers under arrest and placed handcuffs on his hands. He was then robbed. Marshall Neff filed the handcuffs off.

Potomac Sold for $25,000.

BABYLON, L. I., Dec. 27.—At the Belmont sale of thoroughbreds Saturday Michael Dwyer bought Potomac for $25,000. Raceland, at $7,000, went to the same purchaser. Phillip Dwyer bought Prince Royal for $5,900, and St. Carlo went to W. B. Jennings for $1,000.

THE NEWS IN BRIEF.

The health of Governor-elect Winans, of Michigan, is improving.

The late Gen. Terry was a brother of Rose Terry Cooke, the well-known writer.

George Weiser has lived twenty years at Yankton, S. D., under the assumed name of Charles L. Offler, whose discharge papers from the civil war he is said to have stolen. He has been arrested and has confessed.

The corporate existence of the First National bank of Saginaw, Mich., has been extended to Dec. 22, 1910.

The Empress Eugenie is reported to be a heavy loser by the recent depreciation in South American securities, as she had invested very largely in them.

Dr. Koch's lymph is reported to be selling at Berlin at $60 per drop.

The second edition of the "Life of Roscoe Conkling," which was to contain some of his speeches, forensic and senatorial, will not be issued. The widow of Senator Conkling is opposed to it.

A revival has been in progress near Bowen, Ills., for some weeks past. Over 100 have been converted.

At the request of its officers a receiver was appointed Friday for the Minneapolis Mutual Fire Insurance company. No losses will result.

Horses in Kansas and Missouri are dying of a strange epidemic.

The city council of Toronto, Ont., has decided that street cars shall not run Sundays.

Fire at Athol, Mass., Sunday caused a property loss of $135,000 and five firemen were badly injured, two of them fatally, while fighting it.

A lamp in the house of Noah Kuns, near Milmine, Ills., exploded Saturday and his little child was fatally burned.

During a quarrel on the street in Leavenworth, Kan., Nettie Jeams, colored, shot and killed James Ridgely, a colored miner.

Peleg Young, who has been a resident of Kane county for over fifty years, died Saturday at his home in Aurora, Ills., at the age of 73 years.

Mrs. Richard A. Proctor proposes to perpetuate the memory of her famous husband by building a $25,000 observatory on Mission Heights, San Diego, Cal. She means to raise the money by lecturing.

Louis Hedburg, of Fort Howard, Wis., 85 years old, Saturday committed suicide by hanging.

Bismarck's closest friends, creatures that care not whether he is in royal favor or not, are two big Danish hounds that eat beside their master at table.

Russell Sage, who is regarded as the largest individual loaner of money, makes it a rule never to loan more than $500,000 on any given day.

James Perrin, of Floyd county, Iowa, was Saturday arrested and fined $50 for whipping his adopted child with a horsewhip. He cut off a piece of the boy's nose.

No graduate of Vassar college has ever been divorced from her husband. Such is the statement of a man who married one of them, and who declares that the young ladies who have been educated at the college are the best cooks in the world.

A 16-year-old son of County Commissioner Cloud, of Paris, Tex., while fooling with a gun shot and killed his brother, aged 18.

Twelve prisoners in the county jail at Olympia, Wash., overpowered the jailer and escaped Sunday.

At Bayou Cain, La., Ephraim Mendaza shot and killed Mary Case, a young widow, because she refused to marry him.

Newton L. Harrington, aged 25, jumped from a window in the third story of the Commercial hotel, at Tiffin, Ohio, and was instantly killed. He was intoxicated.

The grand jury at Buffalo, N. Y., has found Sarah Ann McMullen guilty of murder in the first degree for causing the death of Nellie Connors by throwing her from a bridge at Akron.

The steamers Spree and Bourgogne brought to New York Monday $557,400 in gold. Since Dec. 15 the gold imports have been $5,158,329.

Articles of incorporation of the Sunday Closing League at Chicago, to close Sunday tippling houses, were filed with the secretary of state of Illinois Monday.

It is stated that the Huron, S. D., National bank, which suspended recently, will resume business in a few days.

The visible supply of wheat Saturday as compiled by the New York produce exchange was 25,304,768 bushels, an increase of 178,618 bushels, and of corn 2,117,392 bushels, an increase of 296,923 bushels.

At Santa Cruz, Cal., Monday, in a drunken quarrel, James Harris, a wood chopper, was shot and instantly killed by Robert H. Majors, who also received three wounds, one of which is likely to prove fatal.

Two little children of Victor Rogers, of Ironwood, Mich., perished Monday in a fire which destroyed their home.

Thieves broke into the Catholic church at Dixon, Ills., early Sunday morning and stole several hundred dollars' worth of property.

Charles Blake, for many years financial editor of The New York Tribune, died suddenly at his home in Brooklyn Monday morning.

Five men were seriously and probably fatally burned Monday by an explosion of molten iron in the New Jersey Steel and Iron works at Trenton.

William Kosenestein and Will Taylor were drowned while skating at Wheeling, W. Va., Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Parker, of Cable, Ills., were robbed of $1,000 Saturday night by a party of masked men who forced an entrance into their house.

Thomas Hobkins fell against a shaft in Sleeper's Steel works, Des Moines, and a minute after was landed in a tank of water fifteen feet away without a rag on him. His injuries are fatal.

Charles Lovetz, of New York, shot his wife Monday, killing her instantly. He then tried to kill himself, but was unsuccessful.

The New York, New Haven and Hartford railroad will not issue passes to members of the present Connecticut legislature.

Under a ruling of the secretary of the treasury, the tax is remitted for the Kentucky Distilling company on their whisky burned at Louisville last summer. The amount is $981,307.90.

Roughs started a fight at Des Moines, Iowa, Christmas Day, during which Bernard Schreiner, city engineer, who was acting as peace-maker, was fatally shot by James Dempsey.

A Chinaman who died recently at Portland, Ore., left property valued at $200,000.

At Branwell, W. Va., Saturday night, during a gambling dispute, a man namad Burdick fatally wounded five of his companions and was himself shot dead.

While W. H. Griffith was impersonating Jack Frost at an entertainment at Carthage, Ills., Christmas Day, his costume caught fire from a taper and he was seriously burned.

During a row at a party in Jersey City Christmas Day, Maggie Murphy, aged 15, crushed Edward McDermott's skull with an ax.

Salt has been found near Kanapolis, Kan., at a depth of 640 feet. The vein is 240 feet thick.

Isaac Sawtelle was found guilty of murder in the first degree Thursday at Dover, N. H., and was sentenced to be hanged the first Tuesday in January, 1892.

Two little children of J. C. Templar were burned to death in a fire that destroyed their home at Tacoma, Wash.

One hundred and five Americans visited Burns' birthplace in Scotland in one day last summer.

Nick James, colored, of Jackson, Miss., was shot on the street Wednesday by an unknown person.

Fire at San Augustine, Tex., Christmas, destroyed two hotels and half a dozen stores, causing a loss of $50,000, with insurance of $10,000.

Thirty Khirgese, while riding acoss the steppes in Orenburg, Russia, were frozen to death.

P. T. Barnum's recent attack of illness was due to heart failure. He slowly improves at his Bridgeport, Conn., home.

Miss Sallie Harbeson, prominent in benevolent and charitable work, was stricken with paralysis Wednesday afternoon in the woman's exchange at Cincinnati.

One of the new appointees to a New York police captaincy is Max F. Schmittberger, a Bavarian, who is nearly 6 feet 6 inches tall, and weighs 225 pounds.

Stonewall Jackson's grave, in the Lexington, Va., cemetery, is found every day covered with flowers placed there by unknown hands.

W. H. Winters, of Mattoon, Ills., was found dead in bed at Grand Junction, Colo., Thursday.

An unknown woman, aged about 60, fell on a sidewalk in New York city Thursday. Her long hat pin was driven into her brain, causing almost instant death.

On Nov. 19 Mrs. John Sullivan, of Orange, N. J., gave birth to a strong, healthy baby. Tuesday she gave birth to a second child, also strong and healthy. Physicians say such a case was never before heard of.

Gen. P. H. Collins, of Boston, conspicuous in the executive councils of the national Democracy, announces his permanent retirement from politics.

The little queen of Holland is a healthy, well-trained girl of 10 years, adoring her numerous pets and delighting in open-air exercise. She has a fair and fresh-looking face and long, golden hair. It is related of her that when she was first addressed as "Madam" and "Your Majesty" she burst into tears.

At Portage, Wis., Friday, Mark Haley recovered $15,000 from the Jump River Lumber company for injuries sustained while acting as brakemen on the logging road of the defendant company.

An explosion during a fire in a saloon at Fremont, Wis., Friday morning, killed Orrin Ennis.

The Maverick bank, of San Antonio, Tex., closed its doors Friday after a run lasting three weeks. The liabilities are said to be $844,164, and the assets $1,788,915.

E. W. Leech & Co., lumber dealers at Detroit, Mich., filed chattel mortgages to secure indebtedness aggregating $[illegible],000 Friday. It is said the assets greatly exceed the liabilities and an assignment is feared.

At Lima, Ohio, Dr. James Daley, a leading veterinary surgeon, committed suicide Friday by taking strychnine. He was 73 years of age and tired of life.

The 4-year-old son of F. C. Bailey, of Oskaloosa, Iowa, was burned to death Friday, his clothing catching fire from a stove.

Ed Gallagher and John Oliver engaged in a dispute over a girl at Center Furnace, Ohio, Thursday night and were both killed.

It is announced that within a short time Senator Quay will publish a statement relative to the charges against his public and private character so freely circulated several months prior to the election.

A conspiracy to flood the United States with counterfeit silver dollars was unearthed at Pittsburg Friday by the arrest of nineteen Italians employed to pass the coins. Eleven hundred dollars in the spurious coin was secured. The counterfeit is nearly perfect.

Mrs. Charlotte Benton, a niece of Napoleon, and daughter of Joseph Bonaparte, died of heart disease at Richfield Springs, N. Y., Thursday night.

A meeting of the bankers and business men of Pittsburg, who loaned George Westinghouse $500,000, was held Friday.

Deadwood, S. D., was visited Friday by several fires which damaged property to the extent of $35,000. The fires were started by incendiaries.

At Gainesville, Ga., Thursday afternoon W. J. Kittrell, chief of police, was shot dead by John Pruitt, a negro desperado, who he was trying to arrest. Pruitt was then killed by another officer.

At Florence, Wis., Friday, Joe Helden and John Neumer fought with bowie knives. Neumer will die.

The snow at Washington City Friday morning was ten inches deep on a level.

The election of Senator Dubois, of Idaho, gives Yale six senators; the others are Evarts, Dawes, Gibson, Wolcott, and Higgins.

Mexico has just sentenced a sort of Jack the Ripper. Francisco Guerroro, known as "El Chalequero," is his name. His offenses were murder and outrages. He will be officially fired full of lead.

State Senator Horace Clark, of Mattoon, Ills., is out as a candidate for department commander of the Illinois Grand Army of the Republic, and his friends are at work.

Brakeman Instantly Killed.

ST. THOMAS, Ont., Dec. 27.—A rear-end collision occurred about 10 o'clock Thursday night between two freight trains on the Michigan Central near Iona, resulting in the death of Brakeman Hector Grant, of this city, and the serious injury of three other trainmen. Grant was instantly killed. Conductor Cole Hammond sustained a fracture of the leg; Brakeman George Benedict had a foot crushed, and Fireman Thomas Burke had his head cut.

Made an Assignment.

NEW YORK, Dec. 26.—William H. Sandifer, dealer in watches and diamonds, at 198 Fifth avenue, has made an assignment. He is rated at from $35,000 to $50,000.

THE CITIZEN.

JOHN F. FINERTY,
CHIEF EDITOR.

Office, Unity Building, 79 Dearborn-St.

TERMS:

One Year, Single Subscription.....$2.50
Six Months..... 1.25
Single Copies..... 05
Clubs of five, ten, or more, by mail, yearly each..... 2.00

All Subscriptions payable in Advance.

Entered at the Postoffice, Chicago, for transmission through the Mail as second-class matter.

The publishers will not be responsible for any money forwarded through the mail, unless it is sent by Express Money Order, Postoffice Order, Draft, or Registered Letter.

Communications of a literary nature should be addressed to the editor. All business letters should be addressed to THE CITIZEN Newspaper Company.

CHICAGO, JANUARY 3 1891

AMUSEMENTS

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph-st. between Clark and LaSalle—Mr. and Mrs. Kendal.

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE
Corner Clark and Washington Sts.—Rudolph Aronson's Comic Opera Co.

COLUMBIA THEATRE.
Monroe street, between Clark and Dearborn—"Shenandoah."

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.
Clark-st. between Washington and Randolph—"Die Muenchner."

HAYMARKET THEATRE.
West Madison-st., between Halsted and Union—Hanlon-Voiters Pantomime Co.

HAVLIN'S THEATRE.
Wabash avenue and Nineteenth street—"An Irish Arab."

ALHAMBRA THEATRE.
Corner of State street and Archer avenue.—"Jim the Penman."

WINDSOR THEATRE.
North Clark and Division streets.—Maggie Mitchell.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.
Halsted street near Madison.—The Valdis Sisters.

LIBBY PRISON WAR MUSEUM.
Wabash avenue, between Fourteenth and Sixteenth streets. Open daily and Sundays from 8 a.m. to 10 p.m.

NATIONAL PANORAMA.
Wabash-av. and Hubbard-court—Battle of Gettysburg. Open from 9 a.m. to 10 p.m., Sundays included

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

THE IRISH SITUATION.

There is, at this writing, no definite news from the long talked of conference at Paris between Mr. Parnell and William O'Brien beyond that the gentlemen have met, dined together, and kept their deliberations, whatever they were, to themselves. The London papers profess to believe that Mr. Parnell will retire from the contest. That the English of all parties desire his retirement is certain. He is too keen and subtle for them. Like Hugh O'Neill, who made the English character a study at the court of Elizabeth before he began his glorious, although finally unsuccessful, war for the liberation of his country, Parnell has been a student of English habits and modes of thought. The man is a human volcano covered with ice, except when in a state of eruption. When he "erupts," he does so with a vengeance, as Gladstone, Morley, and the other leading Whigs have found out greatly to their chagrin. The Whig leaders pretend to think that they could not negotiate with Parnell, because he "betrayed their confidence." The seceding members of his own party profess to be indignant because he kept the Whig secret for six months. He knew that if he took a majority of his party into his confidence all the special correspondents in London would be in possession of the "secret" within two hours. He preferred to watch and wait. He had given the Whigs their answer—an answer they, probably, did not expect. Then, when the Irish party again united on Parnell's leadership in the very heat of the divorce revelations, Mr. Gladstone opened his masked battery and sought to destroy the man whom Morley failed to cajole. Then, and only then, did Mr. Parnell expose the true inwardness of the Whig demand for his political annihilation. It was in good time, but, unfortunately, some of the Irish Parliamentary party could not see it in that light. They had pinned their faith to Gladstone. They accused Parnell of betraying Gladstone, whereas, in fact, Gladstone had betrayed Parnell.

It is not the mere question of Irish leadership that is to be settled between Mr. Parnell and Mr. O'Brien. It is whether the prospective Whig premier of England has a right to name the Irish leader with whom he may condescend to deal on the apocryphal question of granting some sort of Home Rule to Ireland. Mr. Gladstone knows English sentiment pretty well, and he knows deep down in his heart, that his Home Rule bill of 1886, feeble as it was from a truly Irish standpoint, will never be consented to by England, unless under conditions where her resources are crippled and her very existence as a nation threatened. In a word, England is as much opposed to Gladstone's Home Rule measure of 1886 as she is to total separation. Any other bill he may bring in will be but a mockery, and this Mr. Parnell has boldly stated, and this has been the head and front of his great offending in the eyes of the Whigs. THE CITIZEN has no doubt that, secretly, Gladstone respects Parnell's position, but the great Englishman is old and lacks the fire and strength to carry him through a long and bitter struggle on the original Home Rule lines. Parnell, on the other hand, is young, and does not think that the success or failure of Ireland's movement for legislative independence depends upon Mr Gladstone's life or death. It is only natural to expect that Mr Gladstone, phenomenal as he is both physically and intellectually, must die within a few years. With him will die, the only really great man of the English Whig party. And then will come Harcourt! If there is a man in the world who hates Ireland and the Irish it is Harcourt. Every Irish member of parliament who has visited America confessed to looking forward with alarm to the certainty of Harcourt's accession to the leadership of the Liberal party after the demise of Gladstone. Harcourt fears only one Irishman in the house of commons. That Irishman is Parnell. He is more than a match for all the others, not even excepting the fluent Saxon, the mercurial O'Brien, and the acrid Healy. Parnell knows how to sit down on Harcourt, as no other Irishman does. Gladstone, on the verge of eternity as it were, can hardly be accused of seriously believing that he will see the end of the great struggle. After he passes away, THE CITIZEN, if it had any faith in English statesmen, would as soon look to Salisbury for a satisfactory Home Rule bill as to Harcourt.

Mr. Parnell, with the true instinct of statesmanship, reads the future clearly. He would like to win self government for Ireland by moral effort alone, but with Gladstone 81, and Harcourt waiting for that leader's shoes, he can hardly hope to influence the English to action by ordinary methods. Where rests his hope of final victory? Not in the British parliament, with Harcourt as pilot of the ship of State, surely. His hope, then, rests on something stronger than the mere good will of Englishmen. The latter have gotten over the fright that drove so many of them into the Home Rule camp, and are beginning to yawn over the Irish question again. But any suggestion of other forces than moral being applied against them by the Irish brings back the old terror. This is well illustrated by the fact that Mr. Patrick Ford, of the *Irish World*, having been taunted with having been "a dynamiter" in 1880, by a Chicago paper, replied editorially, a few weeks ago, that he did not think it necessary to vindicate himself from such a charge; that circumstances, in 1880, were such as to demand extraordinary methods; that dynamite, and other explosives still more powerful, were recognized by civilized nations as means of warfare, and if circumstances in Ireland became entirely desperate, it might be necessary to resort to extraordinary methods again. This editorial was telegraphed at once to the English papers, and has raised a tremendous uproar among the Saxons from the Channel to the Tweed. The London *Times* accused William O'Brien of having contributed editorials to the columns of the *Irish World*, and William, as it seems to us unnecessarily, rushed at once into print to contradict the statement. Had Parnell been so accused he would have kept still, under the circumstances, because these are not times for too much repudiation.

It is quite true, as some of his opponents have said, that Parnell himself did some repudiating in the house of commons, but it was at a time when he had apparently reasonable hopes of carrying the Home Rule measure as presented by Gladstone. But he was not the only repudiator. William O'Brien did a good deal of the same kind of business, and so did Mr. Thomas Power O'Connor and others. Men will be weak, at times, but there are times when weakness is a crime. We are in such times now.

Let us hope sincerely that Messrs. Parnell and O'Brien may come to an understanding honorable to their country and themselves. No settlement that would involve the slighting of Mr. Parnell could possibly be satisfactory to the Irish people at large, notwithstanding the North Kilkenny episode. He still occupies the first place in the hearts of the people, and those who are against him to day will be with him before the end of the struggle.

A BLOODY INDIAN WAR.

The present Indian outbreak is beginning to assume dangerous proportions. The savages are exhibiting an ill temper such as has not been displayed since the period of the Minnesota massacre in 1862. If the attack on the Catholic Mission at Pine Ridge is confirmed, we may look for one of the most terrible tragedies in history.

Looking impartially at the situation THE CITIZEN is compelled to believe that the arrest and killing of Sitting Bull, by whomsoever ordered, was a most unnecessary and stupid proceeding. It inflamed the hostility of the Indians and made them fit to undertake anything, however desperate. The wild Sioux have never been vanquished in the open field, and, in fact, if they had the resources of the whites they could never be vanquished, as they possess a quality of courage almost unparalleled in savage races. Properly led, and plentifully supplied with food and ammunition, the Sioux and Cheyenne Indians are among the most efficient soldiers in the world. This has been proven in face of our army over and over again. The outbreak of Big Foot's band, in the teeth of overwhelming numbers, on Wounded Knee creek last Monday, is proof positive that the courage of the Indians has not diminished since they destroyed Custer on the Little Big Horn in June, 1876. A special correspondent thus describes the conflict:

"In the morning, as soon as the ordinary military work of the early day was done, Major Whitesides determined upon disarming the Indians at once, and at 6 o'clock the camp of Big Foot was surrounded by the Seventh and Taylor's scouts. The Indians were sitting in a half circle, four Hotchkiss guns were placed upon a hill about 200 yards distant. Every preparation was made, not especially to fight, but to show the Indians the futility of resistance. They seemed to recognize this fact, and when Maj. Whiteside ordered them to come up, twenty at a time, and give up their arms, they came, but not with their guns in sight. Of the first twenty but two or three displayed arms. These they gave up sullenly, and observing the futility of that method of procedure, Maj. Whitesides ordered a detachment of K and A troops on foot to enter the tepees and search them. This work had hardly been entered upon when the 120 desperate Indians turned upon the soldiers, who were gathered closely about the tepees, and immediately a hail of lead was poured upon the military. It was as though the order of search had been a signal. The soldiers not anticipating any such action, had been gathered in very closely, and the first firing was terribly disastrous to them. The reply was immediate, however, and in an instant it seemed that the draw in which the Indian camp was set was a sunken Vesuvius. The soldiers, maddened at the sight of their falling comrades, hardly awaited the command, and in a moment the whole front was a sheet of fire, above which the smoke rolled obscuring the central scene from view.

"Through this horrible curtain single Indians could be seen at times flying before the fire, but after the first discharge of the carbines of the troopers there were few of them left. They fell on all sides like grain before the keen blade of a scythe. Indians and soldiers lay together, and, wounded, fought on the ground. Off through the draw, toward the bluffs, the few remaining warriors fled, turning occasionally to fire, but now evidently caring more for escape than battle. But the wounded Indians seemed possessed of the courage of devils. From the ground where they had fallen they continued to fire until their ammunition was gone, or until killed by the soldiers. Both sides forgot everything excepting only the loading and discharging of their guns. It was only in the early part of the affray that hand to hand fighting was seen. Then carbines were clubbed, sabres gleamed, and war clubs circled in the air and came down like thunderbolts. But this was only for a short time. The Indians could not stand that storm from the soldiers, they had not hoped to do so. It was only the last struggle for life before death. The remnant of the hostiles fled, and the battle became a hunt. It was now that the artillery was called into requisition. Before, the fighting was so close that the guns could not be trained without danger of death to the soldiers. Now, with the Indians flying where they might, it was easier to reach them, so the Gatling and Hotchkiss guns were trained, and then began a heavy firing which lasted half an hour, with frequent heavy volleys of musketry and cannon. It was a war of extermination with the troopers. It was difficult to restrain the troops. Tactics were almost abandoned. About the only tactics was to kill while it could be done. Wherever an Indian could be seen, down in the creek and up over the bare hills, they were followed by artillery and musketry fire, and for several minutes the engagement went on until not a live Indian was in sight."

In this sad affair Capt. George D. Wallace and twenty-four soldiers of the 7th Cavalry were killed on the spot; the Rev. Father Crafts, Catholic Chaplain, was mortally hurt, Lieutenant Garlington and forty men of the 7th Cavalry were wounded, most of them dangerously; and, in subsequent fights, the 7th and 9th Cavalry lost upwards of twenty men. The Indian loss is estimated at 109 killed and 200 wounded. Nothing but a severe winter can quell the outbreak thoroughly. The Indian can stand bullets, but he is not proof against cold and starvation.

OUR NAVY AND THE FISHERIES.

Mr. T. C. Crawford, Washington correspondent of the Chicago *Tribune*, takes bold ground in favor of a strong navy. Mr. Crawford is a good American, and all good American citizens will fall in line with his views. Great progress has been made in the direction which he advocates since 1884, when the new birth of the American navy was fostered by the XLVIIIth Congress, in which the editor of THE CITIZEN had the honor of serving. Mr. Crawford, in a letter to the *Tribune*, dated Dec. 30, says:

"While in England last fall I had an opportunity of talking with Minister Lincoln upon several occasions. He dwelt in strong terms upon the inferior position occupied by the United States in discussing diplomatic questions. There is no man more conservative than he or who would be more opposed to a war. But he said from the very facts of the situation no American Minister could afford to take a bold stand in any dispute with England. The result would be to put himself in a position that could not be sustained. Great Britain invariably treats with contempt any assumption that is not backed with some showing of power. There is no nation in Europe that is more eager to avoid a conflict with the strong nations of the Continent than is England. It makes to France, to Germany, or even to Italy, greater concessions than it would make to the United States. The reason is simple. They have great navies and we have not. If we had tomorrow six vessels of the commerce-destroying class they would be sufficient in themselves to make England chary of giving the United States offense."

Mr. Crawford further says that the masses of the English people care nothing for America, and that the Tory classes have a little prejudice against this country. The Irish question cut some figure in this attitude of nobility, because, the English argue, only for American money and sympathy the Irish would not be able to maintain the struggle for Home Rule. England is unquestionably excited on the Behring Sea fisheries question. Mr. Crawford says the English fleet in those waters is being doubled, and that it is not unreasonable to apprehend a war. He thinks that the commerce destroyer now in course of construction for our navy may have some effect on the belligerent English minds. In concluding his very able and patriotic letter, Mr. Crawford says:

"What England is doing now, if the question at dispute was between it and any of the nations of Europe, would be considered along the line of distinct menace. If England were to have a dispute with any one of the great continental powers and should, pending the continuance of that dispute, begin to order in the neighborhood of the nation involved increased ships and should begin strengthening its fortifications, its coaling stations in the neighborhood of the ships, such a nation would have a right to cry halt. In the highly charged condition of the political atmosphere of Europe such action might be considered a fit provocation for war. But with us we have only within a very few years had sufficient strength on the sea to maintain a dispute in anything more than a husky diplomatic whisper and with the genuflections of humility. Anything more than this has excited the blood and pulses of the mugwump states men of the period, who have howled and shrieked with terror at the prospect of becoming involved in a foreign dispute. It is such an attitude of weakness and humility which sometimes drags a nation into a war. To be fully prepared for a war is to make certain that we shall never have one. At least the possibility of one would be greatly removed. If we ever do have a war with England again it will be through our being forced through our armed weakness to submit to too much arrogance and assumption upon the part of the English Foreign Affairs Office. Some day there may come such humiliation that the country will resent it and then there will be a mad cry for retaliation. Today the existence of our one commerce destroyer, which will be fully equipped by the time the season opens, will be the one most effective argument in the settlement of the seal fisheries dispute next summer."

PROF. JOHN MULVANEY, the gifted painter of "Custer's Last Rally," and other famous pictures, was married on Saturday of last week to Mrs. Walsh, widow of the late Thomas Walsh, of this city. Prof. Mulvaney is residing temporarily in Omaha, where he is busily employed in his profession. He intends, however, to establish himself permanently in this city. THE CITIZEN gives the Professor and his bride its heartiest congratulations.

MATRIMONIAL.

MOORE-SHAUGHNESSY.

James W. Moore, of this city, is now the recipient of highly appreciated congratulations on account of his marriage to Miss Johanna Shaughnessy, which took place at St. Charles' church, on Dec. 23. Rev. Father Gill officiated, and more than the usual interest taken in such an event was evinced by the friends of the contracting parties. Miss Mamie Cremmins, a young lady widely known in the Jesuit parish, accompanied the bride, and Mr. John A. Buckley, a popular and gifted American Irish Nationalist, was best man. After the ceremony was performed a number of immediate friends of the newly wedded pair were entertained at the residence of the bride. The presents were numerous and costly, giving proof of the sincerity and love of a legion of friends. Mr. Moore, who is a very young man and a native of Queens county, Ireland, is an Irish Nationalist of unsurpassed patriotic devotion and sincerity, who takes his stand in the real front rank of the most aggressive advocates of an Irish republic, and works unceasingly to elevate a more lofty standard of Irish national effort and thought. During the most troubled Land League period he lived in Dublin and enjoyed the esteem of most of the famous men who founded the Parnell movement. He is a lineal descendant of the old family of the O'Moore's, once princes of Leix and Offally and formerly kings of Leinster, whose heroic resistance to the Cromwellian invaders shed a never-fading lustre on one page of Ireland's history. Mrs. Moore is a native of magnificent Tipperary, where her family occupied a high social standing. She is imbued with the patriotic spirit and possessed of all the lovable qualities and commendable womanly virtues that characterise the fair daughters of the glorious premier county. If the fervently expressed wishes of dear and honored friends are realized, the greatest amount of pleasure and happiness will attend the married life of Mr. and Mrs. Moore. T. J. S.

T. Shea, Merchant Tailor
No. 184 East Madison street, fine custom suits at reasonable prices; also uniforms for all organizations.

LIVELY SPEECHES

Delivered by Mr. Parnell Before and After the Lime Throwing at Castlecomer.

A Catholic Priest Warmly Eulogizes the Irish Leader.

At Castlecomer.

At the Castlecomer meeting, Dec. 16, when the lime throwing incident occurred, the following proceedings among others are recorded by the Dublin *Freeman*:

The Rev. Father Ryan presided at the meeting, which was attended by many of the respectable residents of the locality. Father Ryan was received with cheers, and said he was proud to meet the men of North Kilkenny and his old friends of the Queen's county. It was a sad day, indeed, that anyone should be obliged to come among the people to defend Mr. Parnell. [Cheers.] It was a sad day that any man could be found who would say a word against the man who had almost made Ireland a nation. [Cries of "Down with Healy."] The man who had joined together the scattered members of their race in every part of the world into one solid phalanx determined to achieve the liberty of their old land. [Cheers.] It was a sad day that any man should be obliged to stand up in the face of his countrymen, and ask the people to recognize the undying claims of Charles Stewart Parnell upon the Irish race. [Cheers.] Who was capable of taking Parnell's place? ["No one."] Could they have any confidence in the leadership of any other man, and were the people of North Kilkenny going to accept as their member John Pope Hennessy, the placeman, instead of Vincent Scully, the unselfish patriot, who for a couple of years past had been giving £600 a year out of his income to save the evicted tenants of Ireland? [Cheers.] This is the man who, it was said, was going to ruin the evicted tenants. Would they, then, have to represent them the honest Irish Nationalist or the member of the Carlton Club who was spending his pension as a placeman in fighting Kilkenny against Parnell. [Loud cheering and cries of "Scully."]

Mr. Parnell, who was received with great enthusiasm, said:

My friends, although you are few in numbers, you are good men, and I value you not by numbers but by your quality. [Cheers.] I am accustomed to few crowds of ignorant fools, and I am accustomed to face crowds of patriotic Irishmen and I am not afraid of being in the minority. [Cheers.] But when the light of victory will shine upon our banners and when united Ireland will face her foes with the strength of Kilkenny in her arm it will carry us and you to victory. [Cheers.] But, my friends, do not think hardly of anybody who may think hardly of you today. [Cheers.] I do not fear the opprobium of Irishmen, because I know it is only for a moment, and I know that in a little while the voice of Ireland, which is on my side today, will make itself shown on my side, and will compel admission and recognition in every town and hamlet in this country. [Cheers.] I am not afraid to meet my countrymen face to face. I have been among you before now, and I can lay my heart bare to you, and defy any man to say I have been false to my trust. [Cheers.]

What is it that is brought against me? The mud of the streets. The miserable people who have no strength to gather anything but dirt, and who disgrace the name of Ireland and of Irishmen [cheers], and who will not be recognized among you as belonging to us or belonging to our country. I have no fear of such, but I don't wish to abuse them. I do not wish, and I will not waste any strength in striking down Irishmen, however misguided they might be. I leave to the future my vindication. [Cheers.] I carry my vindication with me, and I can point to work done in your service against overwhelming odds, which you know of and which I will not trouble you to remind you of, and which I will not disgrace myself by reminding you of, and which I will not stoop to remind you of because you know it and know it was an honest and a brave work [cheers], and it will always be a brave work as long as Irishmen live, and as long as Charles Stewart Parnell has strength to stand up for your cause he will be with you. [Cheers.] My friends, I go forward and your spirit goes forward with me. As I have said, we are few in number, but our hearts are proud and we know that we are going to win this battle. [Cries of "We are."] When did we lose a battle? [Cries of "Never."] And we never will lose a battle; and we will carry this flag which Kilkenny has entrusted to my keeping, and we will carry it to victory or we will know the reason why. [Cheers.] And you, men, although doubt may brood over your hearts, will understand in a little while that I am the same and as good a man as he who came among you ten years ago [cheers], and taught you how to knit your ranks into a solid front. [Cheers.] And with your strength, fellow-countrymen, I have no fear. I will go wherever you go. I will not be in the rear ranks. I will be in the front rank. I have colleagues around me the best men in the Irish party—men who have never flinched. I have the men who stood by my side from 1880 to 1885 through many a long day, and through many a long night, and I say to my enemies that I am not going to ask permission of any cock sparrow of a Dr. Tanner or any jackdaw of a Michael Davitt for permission to address my countrymen, I shall speak to Ireland and Kilkenny whenever I please, and ask permission of no man. If Ireland and Kilkenny refuse me a hearing I will wait until they will hear me. [Great cheering.]

Soon afterward the anti Parnell mob began throwing lime bags, and the Irish leader was hit in the face, with the result that his eyesight was nearly destroyed.

Meeting in Kilkenny.

During the evening, after reaching his hotel in Kilkenny, Mr. Parnell suffered a good deal from his eye, which was considerably inflamed and caused him a great deal of pain. He was surrounded by his colleagues, who offered him their sympathy, and while the party were discussing the situation a crowd gathered outside the hotel and cheered loudly. In response to the cheers several of the members of parliament addressed the people. Meanwhile the Irish leader was sitting in front of the fire with a white handkerchief tied over his right eye. When he came to the window he received a great cheer, and the speech which he made was full of fire. He had seldom appeared more dramatic and striking, and about all the sentences there was that ring of earnestness which showed confidence in his strength and power. He never appeared more resolute or determined, and the effect upon his hearers, standing together in the darkness of the night, and with uplifted faces, was electric. The incident of this speech had about it a great deal that was pathetic as well as soul stirring, and there were none present who will forget this strongly touching scene.

Mr. William Redmond, M.P., addressing the people, and referring to incidents at Castlecomer, said they had not been the first to resort to violence, but if their enemies were going to scald the eyes out of Mr. Parnell the Parnellites would scald the eyes out of their opponents. [Loud cheering.]

Mr. Parnell, whose eye seemed to be in a terrible condition after the injuries he received, was then led to the window by Mr. Harrison. On his appearance at the window he was greeted with prolonged cheering. He said:

My friends of Kilkenny, I was dumb last night and I am blind tonight, but I have some senses left yet [cheers] to interpret the voice of Ireland, and the voice of Kilkenny, and with your help I shall place before Ireland the true interpretation of that voice on Monday. [Cheers.] I do not intend to, and I will not pull down the pillars of the temple. I will not allow Ireland to sink into the ruin that her enemies have prepared for her. I will keep my country on the firm ground on which we have stood for so many years past. [Hear, hear.] I will hold her up with my right arm, and I will keep her head above the scathing waves of mutiny, of turbulence, and secession (groans for seceders). I shall go forward with your help, and with the help of the workmen and the Workingmen's Club of Kilkenny (cheers). As Scrafield went to Aughrim, as our forefathers went to the walls of Limerick, as they trod the causeway on the plain of the Boyne, we will go together, you and I, to victory (cheers); and, believe me, we will go to the death together (cheers). My friends, you have been introduced to the cowards who struck against you, against the honest workingmen of Kilkenny, who left their employment, unpaid and unrewarded (hear, hear). Could not these men have left aside for one moment, for one short hour, the assassin's argument and the liar's stab? Could they not allow to you the guerdon of the reward of the approbation of your own consciences? Was it necessary for them to pile Pelion upon Ossa in traducing you, in reviling your motives, in asserting that you who had thronged these streets for the cause of Ireland in the singleness of your heart; you who had no other wish or motive but to help our common fatherland, could they not have refrained from imputing that you had been actuated by the base motives of the men who made this scene? (Groans.) Of the man who deserted the cause of the evicted tenants at Maryborough because there was no more cash in the purse; the men who have directed the whole of this movement, the great national movement, into their own filthy pockets for their own advantage and benefit? Of them I say, and I regret to have to say it, they had always one eye pointed to the main chance. Away with such filth; away with such patriots (cheers); down with them (cheers). God save Ireland (loud cheers) and keep her from the care of such Chief Justices (groans). And when we have made our race a nation once again we will give them places as first warders of some back stairs of Dublin Castle (great laughter).

Foot-Ball Men Dance.

Last Saturday night the Michael Davitt Foot Ball Club gave an entertainment and dance at Columbia Hall, 5322 State street. The affair was a success in every respect, both in point of numbers and arrangements. The music was furnished by Prof. Terserus and his band and was very excellent. The other clubs from the different parts of the city were fully represented. At 10 o'clock the hall was well filled and the comely lasses in their pretty costumes were in large attendance.

Among those noticed in the gathering were:

Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Ryan, Mr. and Mrs. John McKernan, J. S. Hyland, J. R. Cooney, President Innisfail Club; T. F. Jones, J. W. Wolfe, Capt. Martin, Mr. and Mrs. Coughlin, Mr. and Mrs. M. Lillis, R. W. Wolfe, J. C. Stephens, Walter and John Furlong, John Kennedy and the Misses Kennedy, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas, Mr. and Mrs. C Mulcahy, Mr. P. Wolfe, Capt. G. Foley, Prendergast, Mr. M. Killeen and Miss Killeen, Thos. Wolfe, Mr. and Mrs. J. Barry, Mr. and Mrs J. Grady, the Misses H. and E McAuliffe, the Misses Drennan, Miss O'Sullivan, Miss A. E. Dunn, Miss Daley, and many others whose names cannot be remembered.

The entertainment was opened by the President, Mr. F. J. Ryan, who delivered an able and eloquent address.

Mr. Ryan then introduced Mr. Richard W. Wolfe, who delivered a stirring and forcible address.

After this the grand march took place, headed by Mr. and Mrs. John McKernan, and the balance of the programme was carried out in a very orderly and excellent fashion. At an early hour in the morning a repast was served and heartily enjoyed, and the dancing and enjoyment was kept up to a late hour.

OBITUARY.

MR JOHN M'HUGH.

Mr. John McHugh, an old and popular citizen of Chicago, died at his residence, Division and Franklin streets, last week, in the 65th year of his age. His death was rather sudden and resulted from heart trouble. Mr. McHugh came to Chicago when a young man. Gifted with a good constitution and with tireless energy, he speedily made his way in the world, in the contracting business, and in comfortable circumstances. He leaves a family of four grown up children, one of whom is Mrs. Richard Hennessy. Mr. McHugh is greatly regretted by all who knew him, as he was a good friend, a kind neighbor, and a most exemplary citizen.

MAKE THEM LAUGH.

That is What the Charitable Should Do for Wretched People in Jail and Other Unpleasant Places.

Some Hints About Hygiene, Hatpins and Winter Resorts

Miss Kirk's Letter.

BROOKLIN, N.Y., Dec. 29.—Bill Nye has issued an almanac for 1891. The price is 25 cents, and if this amount of hard cash can be spent any more satisfactorily by the ordinary human who finds it good to laugh, I should like to be told how and where. I would suggest the distribution of these almanacs for Christmas and New Year among the sick and unfortunate. After they have been laughed over enough by the first reader, is they would have a little heart and conscience and send them to our jails and prisons, much good would be accomplished. It is said that Abraham Lincoln was once asked if he could recall the happiest moment of his life. "Well, perhaps I might," he replied dryly, "but I'm not going to. But I can tell you the incident that made the greatest impression upon me. It was the sight of a man sick and cadaverous, condemned to life imprisonment, laughing till the tears ran down his cheeks at a joke in a comic paper. I had provided that paper, gentlemen, and it has been a source of pleasure to me ever since." We can safely assume that this was not the last paper of the kind that found its way to this sufferer. And yet there are those who say that a prisoner has no business to laugh. Pass William Nye along, ladies and gentlemen. He is better than medicine, and will do more good than some sermons.

Mrs. Ella Dietz Clymer, president of Sorosis, has replied to "Old Gentleman" in a manner which is at once dignified and logical. "Old Gentleman" deplores the tendency of the age to higher education for woman, because of its demoralising effect upon motherhood. I clip the following paragraph which I am sure will please the readers who believe that women should marry for love and love only, and that children should never be unwelcomed:

"In his solicitude for the mother's fitness for her maternal duties he has, however, quite ignored his own half of the race. The sowing of wild oats is not the best possible preparation for fatherhood, and 'flabby muscles and impaired nerves' may descend to offspring from the paternal as well as from the maternal side, and no amount of hygienic care or acquaintance with physiology can secure to the young mother the life of her child born with such an inheritance."

The metal spikes which women have used for the past few years in fastening their hats to their Grecian coils, French twists, scalps, and what not, have been the occasion of much extra and totally unnecessary profanity among men. In public conveyances many accidents have occurred from these needle pointed ramrods. I once saw a man on an elevated train who had politely risen to give his seat to a lady whose top knot was thus dangerously loaded, litterally impaled upon one of these things. The point entered his cheek, and tore a furrow, the scar of which he probably carries to this day. These spikes were never artistic, nor even pretty, though they have been made in every possible device. Now I am thankful to say there is no longer any use for them. "The Peerless Fastener" is mightier than the spike. Hats can be saved without them. In other words a man has invented something—my only dissatisfaction in the matter is that a woman didn't do it—which will keep the hat or bonnet on the head even in a blizzard, and simply and safely. The device consists of two small shell fasteners—only 20 cents a pair—shaped like a tiny comb of three teeth, with a small piece of elastic passed through the upper part by which the fastener is secured to each side of the hat. These dainty and useful things can be bought anywhere.

The travel to southern winter resorts in the Carolinas and Florida bids fair to eclipse that of any season since ante bellum days. In the matter of railroad accommodations, progress has not made itself as manifest as on the all water route to Charleston, S. C, and Jacksonville, Fla. Not only are the rates exorbitant and beyond the reach of the average health seeker on the all rail lines, but with the exception of certain special trains the accommodations are so meagre, that once undertaken no invalid or inexperienced traveler will ever wish to try it again.

The communications daily received from consumptives are most pathetic. Can I tell them how and where they can be inoculated, and will it be possible for this treatment to cure patients who cannot sit up at all, and whose lungs are said by attending physicians to be breaking down?

I have endeavored to read everything that would throw any light upon this subject, though it would take very little physiological knowledge to understand that broken down tissues cannot be replaced. But patients should remember that according to expert testimony more mistakes have been made in diagnosing consumption than any other disease. I am personally acquainted with several men and women in good health who were said by their doctors to be in the last stages of consumption. Your correspondent, who has not had a sign of chest trouble in years, was once condemned to die by two famous physicians of Providence, R I. I was even told if I had anything important to attend to, to do it immediately. I replied that I had something very important to do—and that was to live, which as my readers will observe I have attended to ever since. In fact I like to live, and I haven't the least bit of patience in the world with the folks who are always wanting to die. I sometimes wish they would. The world would be better off without them.

I hope my suffering friends will try and have a little patience. Correspondence with the heads of the principal hospitals or with Dr. Jacobi, of New York, will give them all the information they want.

In this connection I wish to say that I should use "Bovinine." There is nothing that I know of in the whole realm of remedies that can be compared with Bovinine for the strengthening of tissue, the enriching of blood and the general nourishing of the system. Consumptives should always endeavor to make the supply meet the demand, and usually the appetites of patients with this disease are so capricious and their digestion so weak, that they eat but little and that little they cannot take care of.

Bovinine does not have to be digested, and it is agreeable to the taste and will do a heap of good.

In the face of our present Indian troubles, and especially since the dramatic death of Sitting Bull, the splendid volume, "Warpath and Bivouac," by John F. Finerty, possesses an added significance. All those who wish a graphic and truthful account of the conquest of the Sioux, between 1876 and 1880, should read this book. Mr. Finerty was on the spot all the time, and what he gives us is true history. The details leading up to the Custer massacre are wonderfully interesting, as well as the long march after the Indians who were engaged in this slaughter. Every girl and boy who wishes to be posted concerning the Indian character, and the struggles of the government in dealing with these brave and wily red men, of whom Sitting Bull was the most prominent figure, should possess a copy of "Warpath and Bivouac."

ELEANOR KIRK.

A SONG OF THE FUTURE.

BY EUGENE DAVIS.

Strew the board with fragrant roses, while we sing—while we sing
Of the good time yet to be,
When, erect, and proud, and free,
Man no longer will be spaniel of a king!—
When a soulful godly throng
Shall impale the hated wrong
On all bastiles in the world's belted ring!—
Ho! ho!—
On all bastiles in the world's belted ring!
Let the chorus, triumph-swelling, of the brave—of the brave
Pierce the dark but riven clouds,
While we wrap in frosted shrouds
Throne and sceptre, crown and purple of each knave!
And consign each social crime
That besmirched the shield of Time
To the silence and the slumber of the grave!
Ho! ho!—
To the silence and the slumber of the grave!
Then from out these upas shadows full of gloom—full of gloom,
A new world will arise,
Shining 'neath refulgent skies,
Like a beauty in her glory and her bloom,
With her tiny feet astride,
In their jubilee and pride,
On the dead dust of the tyrant in his tomb!
Ho! ho!—
On the dead dust of the tyrant in his tomb!
There the flouting rags of helots nevermore—nevermore
Will shame a vaunted age,
Or twit the sleepy sage
With the irony of philantrophic lore:
For within the coming span
Earth must give to ev'ry man
Part and parcel of its rich and precious store!
Ho! ho!—
Part and parcel of its rich and precious store!
No; not then will poor folks gather there to sue—there to sue,
But to claim in freedom's name,
In a parchment writ with flame,
That the many must not slaver for the few,
In that glorious, manly time,
Fruitful, lustrous, and sublime,
When the Old World shall go down before the New!
Ho! ho!—
When the Old World shall go down before the New!

Resolutions of the Innisfails.

At the regular meeting of the Innisfail Branch Gaelic Athletic Association, held at their hall, corner of Halsted and Harrison streets, on Dec. 17, the following resolutions were submitted and unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, The present crisis that has arisen in the political affairs of our native land calls for a prompt expression of opinion by the Irish race the world over; and,

WHEREAS, Mr. Parnell's stand for independent political action, as against any entangling alliance with British politicians of either party, meets with our hearty approval; therefore, be it

Resolved, By the Innisfail Branch Gaelic Athletic Association in regular meeting assembled, that, although having no faith in parliamentary agitation unless backed up by other and sterner methods, still, in the present controversy, Mr. Parnell is unquestionably in the right.

Resolved, That the Irish parliamentary members who, at the dictation of Gladstone and other British politicians, so inconsistently endeavored to depose their tried and trusted leader, immediately after re electing him to the chairmanship of the party, slighted the best interests of their country, and their constituents should seize the first opportunity available and relegate them to private life; and, be it further

Resolved, That the members of this club, collectively and individually, use every means in their power, financially and otherwise, to sustain Mr. Parnell in the gallant fight in which he is at present engaged.

PATRICK COGHLAN,
T. D. O'SULLIVAN,
ROBERT AMBROSE,
Committee on Resolutions.

To the Deaf.

A person cured of Deafness and noises in the head of 23 years' standing by a simple remedy, will send a description of it FREE to any person who applies to NICHOLSON, 177 MacDougal street, New York.

A GRAND COMBINATION.

Fast Time, Perfect Comfort, Absolute Safety.

These are the inducements offered the traveling public by the Chicago, St. Paul & Kansas City Railway, one of the youngest and beyond dispute one of the best railways upon the continent. Its Vestibuled Compartment Sleeping Cars, run on through trains, are marvels of elegance, and add to beauty and luxury perfect ventilation, making them the most desirable at all seasons of the year. The Dining Car service is fully up to the best standard, and the entire equipment of the trains of this road is new. W. R. Busenbark, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, Chicago, Ill.

AN ADDRESS.

The Gaelic Society of New York Calls Upon the Gaels of Scotland to Speak and Write the Language Correctly.

The following address to the Gaels of Scotland has been sent them by the Gaelic Society of New York:

BEAGAN FOCAL CAIRDEAMHAIL CHUM GAEDHEAL ALBANACH O CHUMANN GAEDHILGE EIREANNAIGH DE NUADH EABHRAC.

17, Sraid 28adh Siar.

A CHAIRDE: Nach mor an truagh nach leonnan sgriobhann sinn ar d-teanga? Nach mor an diobhail daoibhse, duinne agus d'ar d-teangain, nach so-thuigsionach air gach taobh Sruth-Mhaoile, na leabhair agus na h-irisleabhair Gaedhilge clodhbhuailtear libhse agus linne? Bhi am ann, agus ni fad o, 'nuair ba h-ionnan sibhse agus sinne, ni a d-teangain amhain, acht ann gach aon aidh ar aontuigheas daoine. Ba h-ionnan ar g-caint, ar smuainte agus ar g-ceol. To fhios againn go bh-fuil moran ann bhur measg a shaoileas gur sinne do agar libhse, agus nach sibhse do agar linne; acht dearbhochamaoid nach fior sin,—gursibh se do agar liane, agus gurab o cheilg an namhad fhuathaigheas inn araon, thainic atharrughadh air bhur d-teangain, agus thainic fuath eadrainn a n-ait an ghraidh do bhi againn air a cheile air feadh aois neamhaireamhach.

Sgriobhann sinn ar d-teanga an diu, go freumhach, mar do sgriobhadh i cuig cead bliadhain o shoin, agus mar do sgriobhadh a n-Albain i go d-ti meadhon na h-aoise deighenaighe. Ni raibh Biobla Gaedhilge agaibh go d-ti timcheall na bliadhna 1760, acht Biobla Eireannach Bhideil. Do thuig agus do leigh bhur sinnsear e air feadh nios mo na cead bliadhan. Nior clodhbhuaileadh aon fhocal amhain de na truaillighthibh a n-usaid libh anois roimh an aimsir lusidhte linn cheana. Is mor an t iongnadh linn e creud fath ar chuir sibh atharrughadh air an a-teangain do labhair agus do sgriobh bhur sinnsear 'nuair bhi siad saor agus fa mheas 'san domhan.

Ba libhse do clodhbhuaileadh an chead leabhar Gaedhilge. Ni duinne do clodhbhuaileadh e, acht daoibhse; ni Eireannach do sgriobh e, acht Albannach; ni a n-Eirinn do cuireadh amach e, acht a n-Albainn. 'S e "Foirm na nUrnuidheadh agus Freasdal na Sacramuinteadh" an t ainm a ta air, agus is le Seon Carsuel, bhur g-comh-dhuthasach fein, do sgriobhadh e 'san m-bliadham 1567. Is fior go bh-fuil moran earraideaschadh clodh ann, acht is ionnan go beacht e ris na leabhairibh Gaedhilge sgriobhthar linn anois. Ag so cuid de, leis a bh-feicfidh sibh gurab i an fhirinn a deir sinn; 'se tiodhlacadh an leabhair, agus ta se re faghail air an g-cead duilleoig; "Do 'n Triath cumasachtach, ceithbreasach, cluinbhriathartach, do Ghiollacasbog Ua n-Duibhne, Iarria Earragaoidheal agus Tighearna Ladhorna, agus Ard-ghaisidis na h-Alban, darab comhainn Lieutenanda a g-criochabh oilen Indseadh Gall, agus aird-cheann teaghlaigh na righridhe Albanuidhe, a ta Seon Carsuel, ministir t-Soisgeil De, a' guidhe agus ag eratach De go diochra duthratach fa spioraid an ghlicais agus na tuigs agusc na firinde de neartughadh agus do mhedughadh ann, mailie re somas suthain d'fhaghail do o Dhia athair agus o Iosa Criosd ar Tighearna."

Air eagla go seolfidh sibh nach ionnan an teanga ata ann gach aon phairt de'n leabhar sin, so alt eile as, ata re feiosin air dhuilleoig 246: "Do criochnaigheadh an leabhran beag so le h-Easbug Indseadh Gall, an 24 la de mhi Aprilie as seachtmhadh bliadhain tar thri fithid agus air chuig ced agus ar mhile bliadhain d'andaladh ar d-Tighearna Iosa Criosd; 'sa g-coigeadh bliadhain tar fhithid do righe ar rioghna ro chumhachtaighe Maire, banrioghan na h-Albann."

Gidh nach ionnan litrighadh an da alt a ris an litrighadh cleachtar linn andiu, ni aon lorg truaillesachd lathaireach Gaedhilg Albansighe ionnta. Is Gaedhilig Eireann ach air fad iad. Faghaidh gach leabhar Gaedhilge do clodhbhuaileadh libh go d-an bhliadhain 1750, agus ni bh fuidhfidh sibh ionnta act Gaedhilig na hEireann. Ca h-ait a bh-fuair sibh an teanga sgriobhthar libh anois, o na'r sgriobhadh agus na'r labhradh i o thus an domhain go d-ti aimsir Sheumais Mhic Phearsain?

An e nach soilleir go n-dearneadh feall orraibh le daoinibh eigin le'r fuathuigheadh sibhse agus sinne? Cad dubhairt an fear da n-inniadh an Sgriobtur duinn, 'nuair fuair se cocal trid a chruithneachd? Nach dubhairt se, "Easgcara eigin do rinne so?" Matha, XII, 28 Ba h easgcara daoibhse agus duinne an te do chuir atharrughadh air bhur d-teangain air d-tus; agus is soilleir go n-dearnadh e chum imreasain do chur i dir sibhse agus sinne.

Glaodhamaoid orraibh a n-ainm ar aleschta agus ar sinnsear, a n-ainm firinne agus fearamhlachda, gan ar d-teanga do thruailleadh nios mo, acht i do sgriobhadh go ceart o'n am so.

Ma ta aon fhear orodha agus cneasda ann bhur measg, labhradh se a inntinn go soilsir, agus glaodhadh se naire air na daoinibh mhillfeadh teanga chum sean-namhad na teangan sin do shseadh.

J. S. O'COLMAIN,
Uachdaran.
T. O'N. RUISEAL,
Ionaid Uachdarain.
PIERCE KENT,
Run Cleireach.

[TRANSLATION.]

A FEW FRIENDLY WORDS TO THE GAELS OF SCOTLAND FROM THE GAELIC SOCIETY OF NEW YORK,

FRIENDS: Is it not a pity that we do not write our language alike? Is it not a great loss to you, to us and to our language that the books and journals printed on both sides of the sea, are not easily understood by you and us? There was a time and not long ago, when you and we were one, not only in language but in everything that unifies a people. Our language, our habits, our thoughts and our music were the same. We know that there are many among you who think that it was we who separated from you, and not you who separated from us; but we will prove that that is not true,—that it was you who separated from us, and that it was by the deceit of the enemy that hates both of us, that change was brought on your language, and that hate for each other grew up between us instead of the love we had for each other during countless ages.

We write our language today almost in the same manner as it was written five hundred years ago, and as it was written in Scotland up to the middle of the last century. You had no Gaelic Bible until about the year 1760, but the Irish Bible of Bedel. Your ancestors understood and read it for more than a hundred years. Not a word of the corruptions in use with you at present were printed before the time we have stated. It is a great wonder to us why you changed the language your ancestors spoke and wrote when they were free and honored among the nations.

It was you that printed the first Gaelic book. It was not for us it was printed, but for you; it was not an Irishman but a Scotchman that wrote it; it was not in Ireland it was published, but in Scotland. The title of it is "Forms of Prayer and Administration of the Sacraments"; it was written by John Carsuel, your own countryman in the year 1567. It is true that there are many typographical errors in it, but it is exactly the same in language as the Gaelic books written by us at present. Here is an extract from it by which you may see that we speak truth; it is the dedication of the book, and may be seen on the first page: "For the powerful, right-judging, gentle-speaking nobleman, for Archibald O'Duine, Earl of Argyle, and Chief Justice of Scotland, whose other name is Lieutenant in the bounds of the Hebrides, and chief head of the family of Scottish kings, John Carseul, minister of the Gospel of God, prays and entreats of God diligently, earnestly, that the spirit of wisdom and of understanding and of truth may be strengthened and increased, and that with this everlasting happiness may be found for him from God the Father and through Jesus Christ our Lord."

Afraid you will think that the language is not the same in every part of the book, we give another extract from it which can be seen on page 246. "This little book was furnished by the Bishop of the Isles on the 24th day of the month of April in the fifteen hundred and sixty-seventh year of the annals of our Lord Jesus Christ. In the twenty-fifth year of the reign of the most powerful Queen Marie, queen of Scotland."

Although the spelling of these two extracts is not exactly the same as that practised by us now, there is no trace of modern Scotch Gaelic corruptions in them. They are altogether Irish Gaelic. Yet every Gaelic book printed by you up to the year 1750, and you will find only Irish Gaelic in them. Where did you find the language written by you at present, since it had been neither written nor spoken from the beginning of the world until the time of James MacPherson?

Is it not plain that you have been deceived by some people who hated you and us? What said the man of whom the Scriptures tell us when he found tares among his wheat? Did he not say, "some enemy has done this" (Matt. XII. 28)? He who first changed your language was an enemy to you and to us; and it is evident that it was changed in order to cause enmity between you and us.

We call upon you in the name of our race and our ancestors, in the name of manhood and of truth, not to corrupt our language any further, but to write it correctly in the future. If there is a single spirited, honest man amoog you, let him speak out his mind clearly, and let him cry suame on those who would ruin a language in order to please its enemy.

J. S. COLEMAN,
President.
T. O'N. RUSSELL,
Vice President.
PIERCE KENT, Secretary.

SUITABLE FOR PRESENTS.

Those of our subscribers and readers who desire to present their friends, young, old or middle aged, with an agreeable and instructive book have now an opportunity to gratify their inclination by purchasing John F. Finerty's famous Indian war narrative "Warpath and Bivouac, or the Conquest of the Sioux," which has been called by the American, Irish and British press as the most thrilling history of frontier warfare. The book can be had direct from THE CITIZEN office, or at any of the leading bookstores. Price: full cloth, $3 per copy; half morocco, $3 50 per copy. Orders should be sent in immediately, as the book is being sold very rapidly.

THE TRAITORS OF OUR LAND.

Fill up once more, we'll drink a toast
To traitors far away:
No nation on the earth can boast
Of viler hearts than they.
And though they sleep in dungeons deep,
Or hang out-lawed and banned,
We'll curse them yet, we ne'er forget
The felons of our land!

In prime of life, in bloom and manhood's pride,
Condemned by alien laws,
Upon the scaffold proudly died
The flower of Ireland's cause.
Their sires, say, shall we today
Like cowards stand,
While traitors shame and foes defame
The felons of our land?

Some in the convict's dreary cell
Have found a living tomb,
And some unseen, unfriended, fell
Within its silent gloom.
Yet what care we, although it be
Trod by a ruffian band,
God bless the clay where rest today
The felons of our land!

Let cowards sneer and tyrants frown,
Oh, little do we care,
A felon's cap's the noblest crown
An Irish head can wear!
And every Gael in Innisfail
Who scorns the serf's vile brand,
From Lee to Boyne would gladly join
The felons of our land!

—*From Arthur M. Forresters "Irish Crazy Quilt."*

THE attention of the readers of THE CITIZEN is directed to the clothing establishment of Sterns, northwest corner of Harrison and Halsted streets. The West Side public will find it to their interest to visit this house for fine clothing to fit men, boys and children. They make a specialty of overcoats, which they sell at such very low figures as defy competition.

Something Interesting to Every Family

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to your grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of six cents per loaf.

"Now is the winter of our discontent made glorious summer" by Ayer's Sarsaparilla. This wonderful medicine so invigorates the system and enriches the blood that cold weather becomes positively enjoyable. Arctic explorers would do well to make a note of this.

Ho for Europe.

Christmas excursions from Chicago to Europe in seven days. Six express trains daily. Come any time. Tickets via all steamship lines. J. D. O'LEARY, Agent, Lake Shore & Michigan Southern Railway office, 66 S. Clark street, under Sherman House.

REPORT OF THE AUDITOR OF PUBLIC ACCOUNTS OF THE CONDITION OF THE

ILLINOIS TRUST AND SAVINGS BANK,

CHICAGO,

At the Commencement of Business, Dec. 24, 1890.

RESOURCES.

Bonds and stocks		$ 1 528 316 50
Real Estate		26 291.34
Current expenses paid		44.173 25
Cash on hand	$1,217 816 50	
Due from other banks	993,147.72	2,210 964.22
Checks and other cash items		39 956 56
Demand loans on collateral	$7,192,651.55	
Time loans on collateral	2,054,714 82	
Loans on real estate	1 863,003.32	11.110,369 69
Total		$14,960 071.86

LIABILITIES.

Capital stock		$ 1,000 000.00
Surplus fund		788,916.20
Undivided profits		369,492.11
Savings deposit subject to notice	$6 602,975.07	
Individual deposits subject to check	4,821.434.59	
Demand certificates of deposit	197,866.44	
Time certificates of deposit	1 634,116.30	
Certified checks	49,031.90	
Cashier's checks outstanding	98 151.25	12,802,949.65
Due banks		7,706.90
Total		$14,960 071 86

I, James S. Gibbs, Cashier of the Illinois Trust and Savings Bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

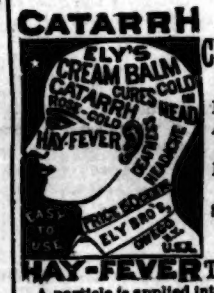
JAMES S. GIBBS, Cashier.

State of Illinois, Cook County, ss.:
Sworn to and subscribed before me this 27th day of December, 1890.
[Seal.] ROB T. BOYD, Notary Public.

Candy Candy Candy

Send $1.25, $2.10, or $3 50 for a sample box at retail by express, of the BEST CANDY IN AMERICA. Put up in elegant boxes, and strictly pure. Suitable for presents. Express'd to any address from Denver east or Boston west. Try it once. Address C. F. GUNTHER 212 State st., Chicago.

CATARRH



ELY'S CREAM BALM

Cleanses the Nasal Passages, Allays Pain and Inflammation, Heals the Sores, Restores the Senses of Taste and Smell.

HAY-FEVER TRY the CURE

A particle is applied into each nostril and is agreeable. Price 50 cents at Druggists; by mail, registered, 60 cents.
ELY BROTHERS 56 Warren-st., N. Y.

Furniture, Stoves,

Carpets and Parlor Goods.

HENRY STUCKART,

2517 and 2519 ARCHER AV.

CLINE'S DANCING ACADEMY,

COR. WELLS AND HURON-STS.

Beginners' Class, Monday Evenings. Advance class, Tuesday and Friday Evenings, admission 25c a person. Private lessons $1.00 per hour. Hall for rent for Balls and Parties. Sleigh parties received all nights excepting Saturday nights.

CLINE BROS., Proprietors.

JOHN NAGHTEN. M. J. NAGHTEN.

JOHN NAGHTEN & CO.,

GENERAL AGENTS

Hibernia Insurance Company,

OF NEW ORLEANS, LA.

Chicago Office, 181 La Salle-st.

TELEPHONE NO. 523.

ATTENTION VETERANS!

The undersigned, having been duly recognized and authorized to act as Pension and Bounty Claim Agent by the Interior Department of the United States, will be ready to attend to all business of the kind, including widows' and orphans' claims, that may be entrusted to him on and after Monday, Sept. 1, 1890 No fee charged if claim is not allowed.

JOHN F. FINERTY
79 Dearborn-st., Chicago, Ill.

DAVID SULLIVAN ATTORNEY, 87 WASHINGTON-ST.

ESTATE OF JOHN H. MARTIN, DECEASED — All persons having claims against the estate of John H. Martin, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said Court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of January A. D. 1891, being the 19th day thereof.

CLARA T. MARTIN and
ELLEN R. MARTIN,
Executrices.

Dated Chicago, November 12, 1890.
David Sullivan, Attorney.

FATHER KOENIGS NERVE TONIC

A NATURAL REMEDY FOR

Epileptic Fits, Falling Sickness, Hysterics, St. Vitus Dance, Nervousness, Hypochondria, Melancholia, Inebrity, Sleeplessness, Dizziness, Brain and Spinal Weakness.

This medicine has direct action upon the nerve centers, allaying all irritabilities and increasing the flow and power of nerve fluid. It is perfectly harmless and leaves no unpleasant effects

Our Pamphlet for sufferers of nervous diseases will be sent free to any address, and poor patients can also obtain this medicine free of charge from us.

This remedy has been prepared by the Reverend Pastor Koenig, of Fort Wayne, Ind., for the past ten years, and is now prepared under his direction by the

KOENIG MEDICINE CO.,
50 West Madison, cor. Clinton St., CHICAGO, ILL.
SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.
Price $1 per Bottle. 6 Bottles for $5.
W. C. SCUPHAM 63 State St.
E. H. BELLER 3022 Archer Av, Chicago

REPORT OF THE CONDITION OF THE

NATIONAL BANK OF ILLINOIS

At Chicago, in the State of Illinois, at the close of business Dec. 19, 1890.

RESOURCES.

Loans and discounts		$6,008,089 63
Overdrafts, secured and unsecured		16 661 83
U. S. bonds to secure circulation, par value		50,000 00
Other bonds		70,500.00
Due from other National banks	$755,096.38	
Due from State banks and bankers	213 367.34	
Exchanges for clearing house	610 3'0 70	
Bills of other banks	15,200.00	
Fractional paper currency, nickels and cents	3 258.12	
Specie	759 800 00	
Legal-tender notes	222 000 00	
U.S. certificates of deposit for legal tenders	870 000 00	3,159,032.54
Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer (5 per cent of circulation)		2,250.00
Total		$10 206,534.15

LIABILITIES.

Capital Stock paid in		$1,000,000 00
Surplus fund		700,000 00
Undivided profits		196,236.53
National bank notes outstanding		45,000.00
Dividends unpaid		25,122.50
Individual deposits subject to check	$5,187,391.28	
Demand certificates of deposit	371,510 62	
Certified checks	153 334 73	
Cashier's checks outstanding	261,150.80	
	$5,973,388.43	
Due to other National banks	1,420 858.86	
Due to State banks and bankers	843 935.83	
	$2 264,794 69	
		8 238,183.12
Total		$10,206,534.15

State of Illinois, County of Cook, ss.—I, William A Hammond, Cashier of the above-named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief. WILLIAM A. HAMMOND, Cashier.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 24th day of December, 1890. ARNOLD HEAP, Notary Public.

Correct—Attest: GEORGE SCHNEIDER, WILLIAM H. BRADLEY, WALTER L. PECK, Directors.

REPORT OF THE CONDITION OF THE

FIRST NATIONAL BANK, OF CHICAGO,

At Chicago, in the State of Illinois, at the close of business Dec. 19, 1890.

RESOURCES.

Loans and discounts		$16,688,603.28
Overdrafts		2,188.09
U. S. bonds to secure circulation		50,000.00
United States bonds on hand		10 000.00
Other bonds		841,492.00
Bank building		500,000.00
Due from other national banks)	$2 080,288.76	
Due from State banks and bankers	1 729,309.84	
Checks and other cash items	1 894.10	
Exchanges for Clearing House	1,288,612 00	
Bills of other banks	65,500.00	
Fractional paper currency, nickels, and pennies	11,623 29	
Specie	4,652,266 00	
Legal-tender notes	980,000.00	
Redemption fund with U.S. Treasurer (5 per cent of circulation)	2,250.00	
Due from U.S. Treasurer other than 5 per cent redemption fund	25,000.00	10,837,743.09
Total		$28 930,615.36

LIABILITIES.

Capital stock paid in		$3,000,000.00
Surplus fund		2,000,000.00
Undivided profits		690,312.19
Dividends unpaid		5,754.00
Individual deposits, subject to check	$10,145,848.68	
Demand certificates of deposit	1 021,568.67	
Certified checks	345.127 62	
Cashier's checks outstanding	69,565.84	
Due to other national banks	7,433,300.06	
Due to State banks and bankers	4,249,138 30	
		23,264,549.17
Total		$28,930,615.36

State of Illinois, Cook County, ss.—I, H. R. Symonds, Cashier of the above-named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true, to the best of my knowledge and belief. H. R. SYMONDS, Cashier.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 24th day of December, 1890. HOLMES HOGE, Notary Public.

Correct—Attest: SAMUEL M NICKERSON, EUGENE S. PIKE, A. A. CARPENTER, Directors.

INFORMATION WANTED

Of Patrick Linehan, who, when last heard from, was living in Chicago, in the Stock Yard parish. Any information of him will be thankfully received by his aunt,

ELLEN CONNELL,
No. 11 Albany-st., Boston, Mass.

IDEAL.

Somewhere out in the great wide world
My love is waiting for me;
And I search through the endless throb of life
For the face I at last shall see.

My heart whispers low, "I shall find her,"
And I feel no inward strife,
But calmly I wait for my own to come,
For the fate of my strange tense life.

I shall know her, my bonnie darling,
By the soul like light in her eyes,
By the nobleness throned on the pure white brow,
Where the grace of her beauty lies.

There will be no need of questions,
Nor of answers soft and low,
For we both have bided the weary time,
And the secret we both shall know.

I shall hold her hand in a firm, strong clasp,
I shall press her close to my heart;
For all the long years of waiting are o'er,
And we wander no more apart.

—Ida Estelle Crouch in Brooklyn Eagle.

A CLOSE CALL.

The firm of which I was the junior partner bought large quantities of wool. I usually made the purchases, and at times was obliged to travel far into the Sierra Nevadas, taking with me several thousand dollars upon each trip. To carry this sum I used a pair of saddle holsters with a receptacle for the money and a place for a pair of pistols. The latter were necessary; for much of my way lay amid the wild and rugged mountains far from the main highways. When I halted at the wayside hotels I was obliged to carry the money to the table with me and keep it in my room at night, for few of the stopping places had any secure safes or vaults. Paper money was not generally accepted by the owners of wool, so the greater part of the money was in gold. Two attempts had been made to rob me, and I had become wary and suspicious; yet the profits we made were so good that I was unwilling to give up the trips.

One day we received a telegram that read: "Secure all the wool you can. It is sure to advance in price."

"That means a hard trip for me," I said, glancing at the yellow slip, "but the sooner I am off the more wool I can get."

The telegram reached us at 5 in the afternoon. At 9 the next morning I was on the road and had nearly $4,000 in gold coin.

For the first three days I gradually ascended the mountains, and by midday of the fourth had reached the summit. This did not mean a rapid descent upon the opposite slope, but a journey for several days over the ridges rising from this central plateau. Some of these were densely wooded with pine, spruce and fir, while others were more open and contained fine pastures for flocks and herds.

I was desirous of reaching one man, who kept his sheep during the summer upon a high and rugged range some miles from my usual route. I halted for dinner at a small public house lately built to accommodate teamsters engaged in hauling lumber from a new sawmill. The surroundings were not inviting, but I was accustomed to the poorest accommodations while upon these mountain trips. While a half breed Indian was caring for my horse I inquired of the landlord if he could direct me to Rucker's sheep camp.

"Yes," was the reply, "but it's a hard place to find," at the same time giving me the directions as nearly as possible.

I shook my head as he ended, saying: "I could never find the place in a year's time. Is there no one here acquainted with the route who can go with me?"

He hesitated a moment, and then said: "There's Bill, the half breed; he knows the trail as well as old Rucker himself. I reckon you can get Bill to go."

Bill was promptly interviewed. "You pay me $3, and I take my horse and go," was the brief but satisfactory reply.

The required sum was promised, and he at once prepared to accompany me. The moment dinner was eaten we set off. Instead of being sullen and morose, like most half breeds, my guide was a talkative and intelligent fellow, and gave me much information about the surrounding region.

Upon reaching Rucker's camp we found the owner absent, and it took us an hour or more to find him and the band of sheep he was herding. He detained us longer to tell about the bears and panthers that annoyed his sheep than the time consumed in bargaining for his wool and making the necessary arrangements for shipping it to us. When we got back to the public house it was too late to go further that night, unless I traveled after dark, and to this I objected on account of the gold.

The landlord said he could give me a straw bed, adding, "You see, the place is new, and we have nothing better for ourselves."

I was willing to take the bed, and so turned my horse over to the half breed to take care of for the night.

Just before supper two more travelers rode up and desired to stop.

"Rooms are pretty scarce, as you can see, but we can feed you as well as not," said the host.

The men, like myself, were not particular as to beds, so remained for the night. They were rather talkative, and I overheard them ask the landlord my name and business. My suspicions were easily aroused, and I noticed that they seemed interested in me and the holsters I guarded so closely. As we left the dining room one of them said, "Mighty keerful of yer holsters, stranger. You must have struck it rich in the diggin's?"

I made some evasive reply. During the evening Bill, the half breed, came into the barroom two or three times, and the last time I noticed that he secretly beckoned to me to go out of doors. Waiting till he left the room I managed to follow him without attracting attention.

On reaching the middle of the wide, dusty road he stopped, approached me closely, and said, "You see two men come on horseback?"

I nodded in reply.

He continued: "One a bad man; he rob stage and go to prison. Now he come back."

"A stage robber?" I echoed.

"Yes," was the answer; "five years ago he rob the stage and sent to prison. Maybe he think no one know him. I remember. I tell you and tell the boss—so you look out for him."

I thanked the fellow and rewarded him in a substantial manner, for the warning was of value to me.

On returning to the barroom I now watched the two strangers with considerable attention. There was nothing of the ruffian about either, and I would have thought nothing more about them than any of the teamsters that stopped at the hotel for the night had it not been for the half breed's caution.

As the host lighted me to my room he told me what the Indian had said to him, and warned me to be on my guard. Determined to be on the safe side, I pulled my bed against the door when I retired for the night and securely fastened the only window.

I slept soundly till past midnight, when I was awakened by a movement of the bed. It appeared as though some one was slowly opening the door and causing the bed to move across the floor.

I reached under the pillow, firmly grasped one of my pistols, and awaited developments. Inch by inch I could feel the bed move slowly over the floor. My senses were stimulated by the excitement of the moment, and I could hear the breathing of the would-be robber. The door was now sufficiently open to admit the thief. Thinking to capture him, I sat up in bed waiting for him to approach.

It was too dark to distinguish his form, but I could tell his position from his deep breathing as he slowly and cautiously approached the head of the bed. At that instant I raised my pistol and cried, "Stop, or I will fire!"

Quick as a flash he sprang for the door, and I fired at the same instant. He gave a cry of pain, but continued his flight. I jumped from my bed, rushed to the door and shot again at the retreating figure. The ball evidently missed him, for it did not stop his mad race, and the next moment we heard the swift galloping of a couple of horses.

The house was in an instant uproar. Men came rushing from their rooms, each one crying aloud as to the cause of the shooting. The explanation was brief, but it took an hour or more to quell the excitement, and I am certain but few slept during the remainder of the night.

It was plain that the two strangers had made their preparations and had their horses near by. Had they been successful in obtaining my gold, they would have disappeared in the night.

When day gave us light, spots of blood were visible upon the hall floor and on the stairs, but a search for some distance along the road revealed nothing of the robbers, so it was evident that my shot had not been a serious one.

Trusting that I had seen the last of my assailants, I mounted my horse after breakfast and pursued my journey. My route lay for some miles through a most picturesque and scenic region. Volcanic rocks rose abruptly from the hillsides, assuming the forms of temples and towers. Here I fancied I could trace a ruined fortress, and there a moss covered arch or massive gateway.

Absorbed in detecting these fancied resemblances to the most noted creations of man, I had ridden for a mile or more without seeing or hearing anything to break the silence of my lonely ride when a loud report rang out, my horse plunged violently and a second later fell to the ground, carrying me with him.

"We have him!" shouted a voice that I recognized as belonging to the man who had asked me about the holsters the night before.

I lay upon my side, with my right leg under the animal. The two men, each with a gun in his hand, ran toward me from behind a neighboring rock. My situation was most critical. I was pinned to the earth and unable to move. Luckily my hands were free and I could reach one of the pistols in my holsters. Determined to sell my life as dearly as possible, I jerked the revolver loose, raised myself slightly and fired at the robber nearest to me.

The ball struck him in the hand and caused him to drop the gun. With an oath he sprang back, and the two sought shelter behind a rock.

I was still in imminent danger, for they could make a detour and approach me in such a manner that I should be at their mercy. Their advance and my shot took but a fraction of a moment, so that both were over ere the death struggles of my animal ended. In these he partly raised himself from my leg, and as his body was between me and the two assassins I crawled on my hands and knees to a low rock within a few feet of me. "We will see whether you get that gold or not," I muttered to myself, as I rubbed my leg, bruised from the fall.

The rock behind which I had sought shelter extended several rods, rising in places ten or twelve feet above the ground. I climbed up a few feet, and through a narrow crevice examined the situation.

I saw the glimmer of a gun barrel behind a low rock, and was thus enabled to locate at least one of my enemies. Stooping down, I ran to the further end of the ledge, hoping to get a shot at him. I was disappointed, for he was still hidden from sight. I saw that by crawling up the hill a short distance I could gain the protection of a second rock. This I instantly did, yet every moment fearing they would make a dash for the gold, which was still upon my horse.

They evidently did not realize that I had moved from the rock near the dead animal and were afraid to venture. Reaching the second ledge I found to my annoyance that I could not yet see the hidden robbers, but by pulling myself along behind a fallen tree I was at last within sight of them. They were crouching on the ground behind a low ledge, each peering around the end of it, intently watching the spot where they had seen me disappear. Though it seemed an age, it had really only been a couple of minutes since their first shot was fired at me, and they were evidently waiting till they could tell whether I was injured or not.

I now raised my pistol, took careful aim and fired. The ball struck the man who was holding the gun, killing him instantly. The other with a cry of rage seized the rifle and fired three shots at me in quick succession.

The bullets whistled near me, and one of them struck the log behind which I lay. This was so small that I dared not raise my head to get a return shot. I therefore turned around, still keeping flat on the ground, and crawled back some distance.

The tree in falling had struck an old log upon the ground and broken in two. Where the two crossed each other was a space under the broken tree through which I could see my adversary.

I rapidly cleared the earth away until I could get a shot at him. He had run up some rods nearer, and now stood partially behind a small rock, intently watching the point where he had last seen me. Just as I reached the pistol beneath the log he moved quickly, but I fired, and knocked the gun from his hands.

I instantly sprang up, crying, "Another move and I will kill you."

He turned and attempted to gain the protection of the nearest ledge. As he whirled around I fired again and he fell. I rushed upon him, but he was on his feet at once and caught the rifle. I fired once more, breaking his wounded arm and causing him to let fall the gun. I exclaimed, "Stop, before I kill you!"

Instead of complying he answered fiercely, "I will cut your heart out," and sprang toward me with a bowie knife in his right hand. By this time he was within reach, and made a savage thrust at me with the knife.

I sprang aside in time to avoid the blow, and once more pulled the trigger. No shot replied—the pistol was empty!

My only chance was at close quarters, and catching my revolver by the muzzle I struck him a blow on the head, at the same time receiving a slight cut in the shoulder. He fell at my feet, and before he could move I sprang upon him, kicked the knife from his hand, and caught up the rifle he had dropped in the fight.

He cried, "Hold! I give up; don't murder me."

"Lie still, then," I said, "and don't move."

I now ran to my dead animal, pulled the holsters from the saddle, pushed the empty revolver into them, and took out the loaded one. Then I said, "Get up, now."

He was a pitiable looking object, and weak from the loss of blood. He had been twice wounded—once in the hand and again in the arm—while my blow on his head had cut an ugly gash from which the blood trickled down over his face. I took my handkerchief and made a bandage for his arm, and by twisting it tightly with a stick managed to stop the blood.

I now bade the fellow go ahead, and, taking my holsters in one hand and the loaded pistol in the other, I obliged him to walk in front of me back to the inn where we had stopped the night before.

Of the excitement there caused by our appearance I need not speak. The nearest justice of the peace was sent for, a coroner's jury impaneled, and the statement of myself and the wounded robber taken down. I was exonerated from all blame, the body of the man I killed was buried, and in the course of a few weeks his wounded companion was sentenced to a long term in prison.—S. S. Boynton in Overland.

Toy Mice Distasteful to Canines.

Among the novelties offered for sale by the horde of fakirs who infest the downtown thoroughfares is an innocent looking "educated mouse." One of these imitation rodents has brought the keenest pangs of sorrow to a Staten Island household. A well known member of the Acorn Athletic club purchased one of the artificial mice the other day and introduced it into his family. The creature was made of plaster of Paris, with rubber ears and tail, and was painted an ideal mouse color. After nearly driving his employer's typewriter into hysterics, the young athlete proceeded to have some fun with Box, his valuable bull pup.

Box was asleep at the fireside, and the mouse was deftly placed on his back. Whether the dog was under the impression that a real mouse had the temerity to show such familiarity, or whether he felt the claws in his back, is unknown, but to the consternation of the happy fireside gathering the mouse disappeared within Box's capacious jowls with a single gulp. That night an emetic was administered, which had the effect of bringing forth the rubber tail only, and Box was a very much disgusted dog.—New York Telegram.

American Quinine.

Adolph Sutro is trying the experiment of raising cinchona trees at his grounds above the Cliff house. It is from the bark of about a dozen varieties of this tree that quinine is extracted, and if they will thrive in this climate the trees will become very valuable.

Moreover, the chinchona is a very showy tree and highly ornamental, some of them growing to a height of eighty feet. The enormous medicinal consumption of the bark of the cinchona has caused the tree to be extensively cultivated in India and Java. It grows in high altitudes in New Grenada, Ecuador, Peru and Bolivia, where there is a great deal of moisture. It has been tried with success in Australia, near the seacoast, and Mr. Sutro thinks some of the varieties will grow here, where there is a moisture in the atmosphere all the year round.—San Francisco Examiner.

Queer Things.

A Virginia negro threatened to kill a man who had been his friend. He borrowed a gun, hid it under a log and waited for an opportunity. Meanwhile the other found the gun, and in carrying it home he fell down and it was discharged and blew the top of his head off.—Detroit Free Press.

A LETTER THAT CAME.

IT CAST A GLOOM OVER A NAVY OFFICER'S WHOLE LIFE.

At the Time He Was Aboard a Man-o'-War—The "Pilot Letter" That Did the Mischief—It Was a Well Written Letter, but It Miscarried.

The officers of the mess were sitting around the wardroom table. It was just after dinner. They were telling stories of shipwreck and disaster. Each one, it appeared, had had a more terrifying experience than the one who spoke immediately before him. All had spun their yarns but one. He smoked reflectively in silence for a few minutes. Then he said:

"Well, gentlemen, you have all had many unpleasant, some frightful, experiences. The story I am about to relate to you, however, will prove, as you will all admit when you hear it, far more terrible than any yet told. The events happened a number of years ago, but they have cast a gloom over my whole life."

The officer stopped and pulled upon his cigar in silence for a while. The others settled into attitudes of attention. The officer went on:

"Some here are young in the service, and will not remember when it was the invariable custom for a man-o'-war to take a pilot aboard upon leaving port. At this time I was on the Pacific station. Our home port was San Francisco, so I hired a house there and settled my wife in it. At that period the 'pilot letter' was an institution among the officers of the ship. After we weighed anchor and began steaming down the bay all hands would hurry to their rooms and write farewell letters to their wives, sweethearts and mothers.

THE LETTER.

"These letters were taken ashore by the pilot when he left us outside. One day we were ordered to the South Pacific for a long cruise. I bid farewell to my weeping wife, who was sure she would never see me again, and promised her most faithfully I would send her a long pilot letter. That was at night, and we expected to weigh anchor the next morning. I spent the night aboard, and got up early. I had some time on my hands. That letter was a burden on my mind, so I concluded to write it then and get it out of the way. I did so. I wrote at length, for my heart was full. To be sure, we did not expect to weigh anchor for several hours, but as I wanted to be realistic, I described how we did it, and then proceeded to describe our passage out through the Golden Gate. I had gone out many times before, and knew the whole scene perfectly. I depicted it in graphic colors.

"I told of the beauties of the city, growing smaller and smaller and finally disappearing; of the harbor fortifications as they loomed up by turns and by turns faded away; of the glorious effect of the late afternoon sun upon the receding Californian shores; of my feelings as I reflected that I might never see those lessening shores or my dear wife again. It was an affecting letter, and (you will pardon the vanity) a well written one. It bore upon it the stamp of sincerity. Finally I told her that the pilot was now about to leave us alone upon the bottomless deep, and that I must close. I ended with something incoherent, and signed my name hurriedly. Then I directed and stamped it and dropped it into the ship's letter box for the pilot to take ashore when he left us in the evening.

HOW THE LETTER MISCARRIED.

"Well, the pilot came aboard about 9 o'clock, and we began to weigh anchor. Of course everything was confusion there. About 11 o'clock it was suddenly discovered that there was trouble with the steering gear which had been overlooked. I was detailed to direct the repairing. About noon I reported to the captain that the difficulty of getting at the trouble was such that we would not be able to start before night. It appeared afterward that the captain immediately sent the pilot off, deciding not to start before morning. About sundown I reported everything as ship shape, and that we were ready for an early start. The captain was pleased, and readily granted the request made by half a dozen of us to go ashore overnight. We were rowed ashore, a jolly crowd, and as I hurried home I pictured to myself my wife's glad surprise.

"But I cannot describe to you the extent of my wife's surprise when she saw me. It surprised me, and her curious bearing for the next two hours, sometimes merry—almost to the point of hysteria, and then apparently depressed and even sad—puzzled me very much. After supper she settled down in a calm mood, which, however, seemed only a covering for suppressed feelings of some sort. I stretched myself at ease on the lounge, and she seated herself beside me. Presently, without warning, she began to read to me aloud. At the end of the first sentence I bounced up as if I had been slapped in the face.

"At the end of the second sentence I reached out for the paper she was reading. But she made a gesture of command, and actually compelled me to sit still and listen to every word of that wretched pilot letter which I had written her that morning. Yes, notwithstanding our decision to remain at anchor overnight, that wretched pilot had actually brought my letter ashore at noon and mailed it. I have wished many times since that I had choked him the next morning."—New York Sun.

A Mysterious Visitor.

New Servant—Please, mum, there's a strange lady down stairs and she didn't have no card. She took off her things as if she intended to stay, and she looked around the room with her nose in the air, as if things wasn't good enough for her, an' she rubbed the winder to see if it was clean, an' she peeked in the dark corners, an' then looked at the dust on her fingers an' sniffed.

Mistress—I can't imagine who the creature can be. My husband's mother and sisters are in Europe.—New York Weekly.

Catarrh Cured.

If you suffer from Catarrh, in any of its forms, it is your duty to yourself and family to obtain the means of a certain cure before it is too late. This you can easily do by sending a self-addressed stamped envelop to Prof. J. A. Lawrence, New York, who will send you, FREE, by return mail, a copy of the original recipe for preparing the best and surest remedy ever discovered for the cure of Catarrh in all its various stages. Over one million cases of this dreadful, disgusting, and often-times fatal disease have been cured permanently during the past five years by the use of this medicine. Write to-day for this free recipe. Its timely use may save you from the death toils of Consumption. DO NOT DELAY longer, if you desire a speedy and permanent cure. Address, Prof. J. A. Lawrence, 88 Warren Street, New York.

DEATH COMES PAINLESSLY.

A Scientific Opinion That Will Be Consoling to All Humanity.

The signs of impending death are many and variable. No two instances are precisely identical, yet several signs are common to many cases. Shakespeare, who observed everything else, observed and recorded some of the premonitory signs of death also. In the account of the death of Falstaff the sharpness of the nose, the coldness of the feet, gradually extending upward, the picking at the bedclothes, are accurately described.

For some time before death indications of its approach become apparent. Speech grows thick and labored, the hands, if raised, fall instantly, the respiration is difficult, the heart loses its power to propel the blood to the extremities, which consequently become cold; a clammy moisture oozes through the pores of the skin, the voice grows weak and husky or piping, the eyes begin to lose their luster.

In death at old age there is a gradual dulling of all the bodily senses and of many of the mental faculties; memory fails, judgment wavers, imagination goes out like a candle. The muscles and tendons get stiff, the voice breaks, the cords of the tabernacle are loosening. Small noises irritate, sight becomes dim, nutrition goes on feebly, digestion is impaired, the secretions are insufficient or vitiated or cease, capillary circulation is clogged. Finally the central organ of the circulation comes to a stop, a full stop, and this stoppage means a dissolution. This is the death of old age, which few attain to.

Many people have an idea that death is necessarily painful, even agonizing; but there is no reason whatever to suppose that death is more painful than birth. It is because in a certain proportion of cases dissolution is accompanied by a visible spasm and distortion of the countenance that the idea exists, but it is nearly as certain as anything can be that these distortions of the facial muscles are not only painless, but take place unconsciously. In many instances, too, a comatose or semi-comatose state supervenes, and it is altogether probable that more or less complete unconsciousness then prevails.

We have, too, abundant evidence of people who have been nearly drowned and resuscitated, and they all agree in the statement that after a few moments of painful struggling, fear and anxiety pass away, and a state of tranquillity succeeds. They see the visions of green fields, and in some cases hear pleasing music, and, so far from being miserable, their sensations are delightful. But where attempts at resuscitation are successful the resuscitated persons almost invariably protest against being brought back to life, and declare that resuscitation is accompanied by physical pain and acute mental misery.

Death is a fact which every man must personally experience, and consequently is of universal interest; and as facts are facts, the wiser course is to look them squarely in the face, for necessity is coal black and death keeps no calendar.—Medical Journal.

She Caught the Car.

She was a very masculine looking young woman, and if she had not worn a Psyche knot and skirts she might have passed for a slim waisted youth, for she wore a man's collar, a man's coat, a man's four-in-hand tie, and displayed on her bust a longitudinal section of a man's plaited shirt. She was waiting for a car in the storm the other evening. She had not an umbrella, and was in the shelter of a doorway. A car dashed by, and she whistled for it to stop. The driver paid no attention to her signal, and she gathered up her skirts, made a dash out into the street, ran sharply for a moment, caught up with the rapidly running car, caught the hand rail, and swung on as nimbly as a college athlete. "What do you mean, sir," she exclaimed to the conductor, "by not stopping when I signaled?" The conductor tried to explain, but she would not listen, and sat down and looked indignant for ten minutes. It takes a mannish looking young woman to chase a car through the rain and get aboard without stopping the car.—Boston Advertiser.

Ananias and His Deaf Father.

Dan'l was the biggest liar in town and Dan'l always appealed to his father to verify his fearful yarns. Dan'l's father was old, a little deaf, and belonged to the Methodist church. It was not to be supposed that the old gentleman would indorse lies, and thus the neighbors concluded. But here is how Dan'l got around his poor old dad. "Went down ter t' brook yesterday," Dan'l would relate. "Caught tew hundred and four pick'ril, say, didn't I, dad?" And the old man, benignantly listening, would hear "four" and meekly reply, "Yes, Dan'l."

Then the able liar would edge around "back to" his father, and with the edge of his hand measure off the length of his arm before the eyes of his astonished guest. "Caught one pick'ril, a whopper, longe'n that, say, warn't he, dad?" The old man would gaze upon the six inches of scrawny wrist and forearm as wily Dan'l whirled and measured for his benefit, and humbly but firmly assert, "Yis, my son; sh'd say as how he was summat longer."—Lewiston Journal.

The World's Paper Mills.

The production of paper in the entire world is estimated to be 3,000,000,000 pounds per year. There are 884 paper mills and 1,106 paper machines in this country. Germany has 809 mills and 891 machines; France, 420 mills and 525 machines; England, 361 mills and 541 machines; Scotland, 69 mills and 98 machines; Ireland, 13 mills and 13 machines; Russia, 183 mills and 127 machines, and Austria 220 mills and 270 machines.—Philadelphia Record.

Got What They Wanted.

Sunday School Teacher—Why were only Noah and his family saved in the ark?

Small Boy—'Cause Noah was good and didn't ask nothin'. The rest wanted the earth, an' they got it.—Good News.

About Opening Safes.

As a matter of fact you can't open a safe lock by listening to the click of the tumbler. They do not click. They are immovable in their places and do not drop. Consequently, when I read of an inexperienced plumber boy who opens combinations at will it fatigues me. Now I have the reputation of being able to open almost any safe, but if the safe is locked I can't do it. I can go to the safe, as it stands unlocked, and can gently turn the combination until the resistance warns me that I have reacted a tumbler. I note the number and proceed in like manner with all the tumblers. Then the owner can lock his safe, and I being in possession of this combination can unlock it without difficulty.

Had I been placed before the same safe while locked, I might turn until doomsday without success. Now the various makers invariably send out their safes set on certain numbers. I, knowing these numbers, can unlock any one of them before the owner has adopted his own peculiar combination. My safes go out each with a separate number, of which I keep a careful record, so that I can open them in case I am called upon to do so. I have a safe now which is locked, and the combination lost.

I am just as unable to open that safe as you, although I know every detail in the lock's construction. There it stands until I see fit to drill it open. A safe with two tumblers is susceptible of 10,000 changes; with three tumblers, 1,000,000 changes; with four, 100,000,000, and so on in regular permutation. But give me as a clew one number of the combination employing two tumblers, and I will have to make but 100 combinations from 1 to 100 in order to open the safe in from two to five minutes' time. The only absolutely burglar proof safe is the one employing a screw door with a time lock attachment on the inside.—Interview in St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Facts and Fancies.

When we attempt to show how far matter can be divided the brain refuses to grasp the infinity. A pin's head is a small object, but it is gigantic compared to some animals of which millions would occupy a space no larger than the head of a pin. These tiny animals must contain organs and veins, etc., and those veins are full of blood globules. Professor Tyndall informs us that a drop of blood contains 3,000,000 red globules. So these infinitesimally small animals must have millions of globules in their blood also. Thus we see to what an extent, far beyond our senses' power to grasp, matter can be divided.

But there is something even more astonishing than this. It is stated that there are more animals in the milt of a single codfish than there are men in the world, and that one grain of sand is larger than 4,000,000 of these animals, each of which must be possessed of life germs of an equal amount, which would grow up as it grew to maturity. This carries us back again, and

Imagination's utmost stretch
In wonder dies away.

Or take other interesting facts: One hundred threads of the silkworm must be placed side by side to make up the thickness of a line about one twenty-fifth of an inch, and metals can be drawn out to such exceeding fineness that 1,200 of the fine wires will occupy only the space of 100 silk worms' threads.—Montreal Star.

A Chinaman in an Art Gallery.

You can tell the new Chinaman in New York by his headgear. He wears a little black skull cap of silk, whereas his fellow Chinaman of long residence in the country invariably wears a low crowned, black felt hat, with a medium brim, which is manufactured somewhere in Connecticut especially for the Chinese American trade and sold at a dollar apiece. It is curious to notice the bewildered air of the newly arrived Chinaman as he goes about the city under the escort of two or three of his countrymen. I saw a group of four Chinamen in an art gallery the other day, and immediately discerned that one was a newcomer. The other three were showing him the sights.

The pictures in the gallery were all imported, and I noticed that the new Chinaman was constantly looking at the figures in the pictures and then looking around at the people in the gallery, seemingly trying to compare the details of garments. Of course they were totally different, and his companions went through a vast amount of talk to explain to him that we do not make many pictures in this country compared with what we buy abroad. One of them with whom I struck up a conversation said to me, "Him not belly well undelstand why Melican man no makee himself on painting." It was something of a poser.—New York Press.

An Open Question.

Teddy—Mamma, don't Quakers take off their hats?

Mamma—No, my dear; their belief is such that they will not uncover their heads.

Teddy—Then how do they get their hair cut?—Pittsburg Bulletin.

Made Gentle Unconsciously.

The authors of "Blessed Be Drudgery and Other Papers" relate a touching little story of how sympathy and affection sprang up in an unexpected place.

A workman in a pottery factory had one small invalid child at home. He wrought at his trade with exemplary fidelity, being always in the shop with the opening of the day. Every night he carried to the bedside of his "wee lad," as he called him, a flower, a bit of ribbon or a fragment of crimson glass, something that would lie out on the white counterpane and give color to the room.

He was a quiet, unsentimental man, and said nothing to any one about his affection for his boy. He simply went on loving him, and soon the whole shop was brought into half conscious fellowship with him.

The workmen made curious little jars and cups, and painted diminutive pictures upon their sides before they stuck them in the corners of the kiln at burning time. One brought some fruit and another a few engravings in a rude scrapbook. Not one of them whispered a word; this solemn thing was not to be talked about. They put the gifts in the old man's hat, where he found them; he understood all about it. Little by little all the men, of rather coarse fiber by nature, grew gentle and kind, and some dropped swearing as the weary look on their patient fellow worker's face told them beyond mistake that the inevitable shadow was drawing nearer. Every day some one did a piece of work for him and put it on the sanded bank to dry, so that he might come later and go earlier. So when the bell tolled and the little coffin came out of the lonely door, a hundred stalwart workingmen from the pottery, all in their clean clothes, stood just round the corner. Most of them had given a half day's time for the privilege of following to the grave that small burden of a child, though probably not one of them had ever seen him.

Possibilities of Journalism.

Senator William Maxwell Evarts, of New York, says: When I graduated from Yale in the famous class of 1837, in which were Samuel J. Tilden, Edwards Pierrepont, the late Chief Justice Waite and Professor Benjamin Silliman, the most noted of that noted family, the choice of professions was exceedingly limited as compared with that of today. I naturally commenced to canvass the profession I was to follow. Journalism was not then considered the profession it now is, and had no attractions for me. The ministry was a leading profession then as now, but it was attracting to its ranks some of the most brilliant minds of the country, and besides, I was not of a ministerial frame of mind. Medicine was such a grewsome business that I could not bring myself to consider it seriously as a life vocation, although it promised wealth and honors.

I was very favorably impressed with the life of a farmer. In fact, throughout all my life I have had a passion for farming, and I now own two large farms —one in Vermont of 1,000 acres, and one in Maryland, on the Potomac, of about the same number of acres. But when at the time I speak of I attempted to lift a barrel of apples into a wagon as a test of my physical strength, and found that I was not equal to the task, I turned my attention to the law, which I have followed for over fifty years with more or less success. I think now that if I were standing where I was fifty-three years ago, and journalism was what it now is, that I should choose as the business of my life that of a journalist. I can see in it greater possibilities than are embraced in other professions.—Washington Cor. St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Easily Answered.

Little Marjorie has an inquiring mind. She is pursuing her education according to the Socratic method—of question and answer—and keeps the older members of the family pretty well employed.

"Oh, papa!" she cried, running after that busy man, as he was just starting for his office, "wait just a minute, please; I have two very important questions I want to ask you."

"I can't stop now, Marjorie," said her father; "I'm in a great hurry this morning."

"It won't take you but just a minute to answer them, papa," pleaded Marjorie, "for you always know about everything."

"Well, what are they?" asked papa, not quite proof against this flattery, though his hand was on the doorknob.

"I knew you'd wait," said Marjorie, in triumph; "and all I want you to tell me is, how they make condensed milk, and who were Abraham's forefathers, please?"

"Ask your mamma, Marjorie," said her father, as he fled from the house.—Youth's Companion.

New Hazard in Chemical Manufacture.

Attention has been drawn to the danger of fire in the use of chlorate of potash, sugar and muriate of ammonia in the manufacture of tablets. While it is generally known that chlorate of potash, together with organic matter, forms a powerful explosive, it should be understood that under certain conditions it is an agent in producing fire without an explosion.

Sugar alone requires a temperature of 600 degs. Fahrenheit, and if an accumulation of dust or particles of the two ingredients named should form a mixture on the steam pipes of a factory a fire might be caused. It is therefore urged that the manufacture of the chlorate of potash and muriate of ammonia tablets shall be restricted or prohibited as being dangerous to the welfare of the community.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

The English and the French Way.

Well bred English people often avoid giving their frank opinion on people and things they meet with in foreign countries. They satisfy themselves with their own reflections, and seldom let out their impressions, either good or bad. The French, on the other hand, being, I suppose, of a more communicative and impulsive nature do not hesitate to give vent to their feelings when they find a sympathetic hearer.—Jenness Miller Magazine.

PUBLIC SAFETY
DEMANDS

That only honest and reliable medicines should be placed upon the market. It cannot, therefore, be stated too emphatically, nor repeated too often, that all who are in need of a genuine Blood-purifier should be sure and ask for

Ayer's

Sarsaparilla. Your life, or that of some one near and dear to you, may depend on the use of this well-approved remedy in preference to any other preparation of similar name. It is compounded of Honduras sarsaparilla (the variety most rich in curative properties), stillingia, mandrake, yellow dock, and the iodides. The process of manufacture is original, skilful, scrupulously clean, and such as to secure the very best medicinal qualities of each ingredient. This medicine is not boiled nor heated, and is, therefore, not a decoction; but it is a compound extract, obtained by a method exclusively our own, of the best and most powerful alteratives, tonics, and diuretics known to pharmacy. For the last forty years, Aver's

Sarsaparilla

has been the standard blood-purifier of the world—no other approaching it in popular confidence or universal demand. Its formula is approved by the leading physicians and druggists. Being pure and highly concentrated, it is the most economical of any possible blood medicine. Every purchaser of Sarsaparilla should insist upon having this preparation and see that each bottle bears the well-known name of

J. C. Ayer & Co.,
Lowell, Mass.

In every quarter of the globe Ayer's Sarsaparilla is proved to be the best remedy for all diseases of the blood. Lowell druggists unite in testifying to the superior excellence of this medicine and to its great popularity in the city of its manufacture.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla
PREPARED BY
DR. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by Druggists. $1, six $5. Worth $5 a bottle.

When Going to Europe,
Or Sending for Your Friends,
BE SURE TO SECURE PASSAGE BY ONE OF THE
MAGNIFICENT MAIL STEAMERS
OF THE FAMOUS
White Star Line
The most Successful and Popular of all Ocean Lines.

The Steamers of this Line are all built in Ireland.
MAJESTIC, 10,000 Tons. TEUTONIC, 10,000 Tons.
BRITANNIC, GERMANIC, ADRIATIC,
SAILING EVERY WEDNESDAY FROM
NEW YORK AND LIVERPOOL,
CALLING AT QUEENSTOWN TO LAND AND DISCHARGE PASSENGERS AND MAILS.
Tickets to and from the principal English, Scotch, Irish, French, German and Scandinavian ports.
The Company's Drafts, payable on demand everywhere in England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales, and other European countries, for sale at lowest rates.
For rates of passage and further information apply to the White Star Line agent at your place, or to the Company's offices.
J. BRUCE ISMAY, G'l Ag't, 41 Broadway, New York.
N. ANDERSON, G'l W'n Ag't,
54 S. Clark Street, Chicago.
UNDER SHERMAN HOUSE.

1000 DOLLARS.
I will forfeit the above amount if I fail to prove that Floraplexion is the best remedy in the world for the speedy and permanent cure of Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Liver Complaint, Sick Headache, Nervous Debility, and Consumption. I will gladly send a free bottle of this wonderful medicine, prepaid, to every reader of this paper, thus giving all sufferers a chance to test its merits, free of cost. Over 70,000 testimonial letters on file from living witnesses who have been cured. Write to-day, stating your disease, or ask your Druggist for it and get well. Address
PROF. HART, 88 Warren St., New York.

FOR MEN ONLY!
VIGOR AND STRENGTH
For LOST or FAILING MANHOOD; General and NERVOUS DEBILITY; Weakness of Body and Mind, Effects of Errors or Excesses in Old or Young. Robust, Noble MANHOOD fully Restored. How to enlarge and Strengthen WEAK, UNDEVELOPED ORGANS & PARTS OF BODY. Absolutely unfailing HOME TREATMENT—Benefits in a day. Men testify from 50 States and Foreign Countries. Write them. Descriptive Book, explanation and proofs mailed (sealed) free. Address ERIE MEDICAL CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

THREE GREAT CITIES IN THE WEST
CHICAGO

LINKED TOGETHER BY THE
CHICAGO & ALTON R. R.
No Change of Cars BETWEEN CHICAGO & KANSAS CITY, CHICAGO & ST. LOUIS, AND ST. LOUIS & KANSAS CITY.
Union Depots in EAST ST. LOUIS, ST. LOUIS, KANSAS CITY, and CHICAGO.
No other lines run
PALACE DINING CARS
between CHICAGO and KANSAS CITY, CHICAGO and ST. LOUIS, and ST. LOUIS and KANSAS CITY. Meals equal to those served in any First-Class Hotel, only 75 cents. The finest
PALACE RECLINING CHAIR CARS
in the world are run in all Through Trains, day and night, without change, and FREE OF EXTRA CHARGE.
PULLMAN PALACE SLEEPING CARS
the finest, best and safest in use anywhere.
The best and quickest route from CHICAGO to MEMPHIS, MOBILE, NEW ORLEANS, and all points SOUTH via ST. LOUIS.
The Short Line to
Missouri, Arkansas, Texas, Kansas, Colorado, New Mexico, Arizona, Nebraska, Oregon, California, etc.
The GREAT EXCURSION ROUTE between the NORTH and SOUTH, and to and from LAND'S and the HEALTH and MINING DISTRICTS of the West and Southwest.
See that your tickets read via "CHICAGO & ALTON RAILROAD."
For Maps, Time Tables, and all information, address
JAMES CHARLTON,
General Passenger and Ticket Agent, 220 Dearborn Street, Corner Adams Street, CHICAGO, ILL.
J. C. McMULLIN, Vice-President.
G. H. CHAPPELL, General Manager.

SOCIETY DIRECTORY.

ILLINOIS CATHOLIC ORDER OF FORESTERS.

HIGH COURT OFFICERS.

P. J. Cahill, H C R, Room 25, 99 Washington st; John O'Neill, H V C R, Milwaukee, Wis.; J. J. Dillon, H. S, Room 25, 99 Washington st.; Henry Detmer, H. Treas.; Dr. P H Conley, H M E, 477 W Indiana st.; Chas. Langale, S C.; Stephen Conley, J C.; James Kelley, I S.; J V Cook, O S.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS.

P J Cahill, John O'Neill, J J Dillon, Henry Detmer, Dr P H Conley, Peter Mueller, P Chambers, N A Kirschlen, Ludger Drolet, M W Murray, Henry C Johnson.

SUBORDINATE COURT OFFICERS.

Holy Family Court No. 1—J K Clowry, C R, 433 Blue Island av; J L Shepherd, Treas; W J Wallace, R S, 120 W Taylor st; G B Bracken, F S; Dr G O'Synon, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, Sodality hall, cor May and 11th.

Columbia Court No. 2—J F O'Neil, C R, 530 W Erie st; Wm Flanagan, R S, 2 Smart st; John E Kelly, F S; P J Sheehy, Treas; Dr T Conley, C P. Meet 1st Wednesday, 8 p m, and 3d Sunday, 3 p m, in Society hall, 539 W Indiana st.

Sacred Heart Court No. 3—James O'Neill, C R, 138 W 18th st; P J O'Keefe, R S, 295 E Indiana st; Hugh P Moran, F S; Henry Powers, Treas; Dr Wm C King, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Thursday cor. Canalport av and Union st.

St. Pius Court No. 4—F T Nichol, C R, 345 Hastings st; Francis McEneany, R S, 720 Hinman st; F M Quinn, F S; John Durkin, Treas; Dr David O'Shea, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Fridays, St Pius school hall, Twentieth st and Ashland av.

Jaques Carter Court No. 5—Geo Dalziel, C R, Blackhawk and Cherry sts; H Langlois, R S, Vernon Park place; A St Pierre, F S; N F Franchere, Treas; Dr F W Fitzgerald, C P. Meet 188 Blue Island av, 2nd and 4th Sunday. Conducted in the French language.

St. John's Court No. 6—Henry C Johnson, C R, 2127 State st; Wm J Graham, R S, 179 E 18th st; T J Magner, F S; D M McKindley, Treas; Dr D B Sullivan, C P. Meet in St. John's hall, 1st and 3rd Wednesday.

St. James Court No. 7—A B Perrigo, C R, 2967 State st; Henry S Hewson, R S, 3518 Butterfield st; W J Erler, F S; D B Quinlan, Treas; Dr F S MacDonald, C F. Meet 1st and 3rd Friday, at 3974 State st.

St. Joseph's Court No 8—J J Lawler, C R, 11 W 11th st; Wm A Hoyne, R S, 337 Centre av; Thomas J Holland, F S; Thos G Martin, Treas; Dr Jeremiah Mather, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Wednesday, Sodality Hall, May and Eleventh st.

All Saints' Court No. 9—Jos A Smith, C R, 165 Napoleon place; E B Brady, R S, 505 25th st; Thos F Williamson, F S; J Griffin, Treas; Dr D Collins, C P. Meet at hall 944½ Archer av, 1st and 3d Tuesday.

St. Mary's Court, No. 10—J O Schubert, C R, 123 22d st; W G Brennan, R S, 153 22d st; James Drury, F S, 95 E Polk st; Michael Moran, Treas, 25 Miller st; Dr W J Clary, C P; 163 State st. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, 8 p m, basement St Mary's church, Wabash ave and Eldridge ct.

Nativity Court, No. 11—Mathew Lamb, C R, 3458 Halstedst; J B McAuliffe, R S, 3323 Emerald ave; Thomas Ryan, F S; John Carney, Treas; Dr J R McNamara, C P. Meet at hall 37th and Halsted sts, 1st and 3d Tuesday.

St. Patrick's Court, No. 12—John Davy, C R, 17 Aberdeenst; M J Ryan, R S, 971 Spalding ave; George B Valentine, F S; Wm J Moody, Treas; Dr O Hogan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesday, in Fitzgerald's hall, corner Adams and Halsted sts.

Marquette Court, No. 13—Thomas Rogers, C R, 481 W Ohio st; D B Hansen, R S, 333 W Adams st; M O O'Kane, F S; J B Shiel, Treas; Dr P H Connolly, C P. Meet 2d Sunday 3 p m, last Friday 7:30 p m, at Anchor hall, cor. Paulina and Indiana sts.

Holy Name Court, No. 14—Hugh Manley, C R, 271 E Superior st; M C Cooney, R S, 323 Wells st; J F Owens, F S; J F Jaegar, Treas; Dr J K Winer, C P. Meet at Feehan hall, 2d and 4th Tuesday.

St. Thomas' Court, No. 15—Thos Mulvihill, C R, Woodlawn Park; John Mott, R S, box 46, Woodlawn Park; Thos W Gray, F S; P Chambers, Treas; Dr A E Garceau, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays in Flood's hall, Hyde Park.

St. Gabriel's Court, No. 16—John Hunt, C R; Peter Quigley, R S, 606 Root st; John Hale, F S; Wm Treacy, Treas; Dr J Rielly, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Sundays, 45th and Wallace sts.

St. John Baptist Court, No. 17—Somonauk, Ill.—Felix Meyers, C R; John McNamara, R S, Somonauk; Henry Kuehlmann, F S; Geo Denlauler, Treas; Dr Edward Molitor, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Saturdays, in School hall.

St. Ignatius Court No. 18—Bryan Farley, C R, 109 Hastings st; Philip Devlin, R S, 261 S May st; S A Clow, F S; T J Lee, Treas; Dr T F O'Malley, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, Templar's hall, 250 Blue Island av

Western Reserve Court, No. 19—J Sennes, C R, 1009 Lake st; A J Vance, R S, 505 Park av; P Noonan, F S; H O Latus, Treas; Dr M H McGrath, C P. Meet 3d Sunday 4:30 p m, 4th Wednesday 7:30 p m, in Aqua Pura hall, 1066 W Lake st.

St. Nicholas' Court, No. 20—Peter Both, C R, 409 26th st; N Pauly, R S, 2013 Wentworth av; F N Moninger, F S; M W Fola, Treas; Dr Emil Gilgohana, C P. Meet last Tuesday in basement St. Antonius' church, cor. 24th place and Hanover st., and 2nd Sunday, Schaeffer's hall, 2501 Hanover st.

St. Patrick's Court, No. 21; South Chicago —Wm Tully, C R; Michael O'Neill, R S; F McWinnie, F S; D M Duggan, Treas; Dr J L Larkin, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Thursday in St. Patrick's hall, South Chicago.

St. Elizabeth's Court No. 22—B Burns, C R, 4433 LaSalle st; C A Reidy, R S, 796 Thirty-seventh st; Hugh O'Hara, F S; Thos M Curtin, Treas; Dr Chas F Caldwell, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in St. Elizabeth School hall, 41st and State sts.

St. Sylvester's Court No. 23—P H Brady, C R, 309 Tallman av; E W Nye, R S, Humboldt Park P O; H Smith, F S; E H Aahemden, Treas; Dr D W Nolan, C P. Meet 2nd Sunday 3 p m, 4th Sunday 7:30 p m, at Legonia's hall, Western and North avs.

St. Benedict's Court No. 24—J P Lauth, C R, 261 N Clark st; Wm Klein, R S, 39 Mohawk st; Jacob Alt, F S; P Mueller, Treas; Dr Jas F Buck, C P. Meet in St. Joseph's School hall, cor. Hill and Franklin sts, 2nd and 4th Wednesday.

Notre Dame Court No. 25—P C Harbour, C R, 156 Blue Island av; M Dore, R S, 14 Sangamon st; A Aubry, F S; J B Lovreen, Treas; Dr E D St Cyr, C P. Meet 1st Sunday, 3 p m, 3rd Sunday, 8 p m, at Franchere's hall, 156 Blue Island av. Conducted in the French language.

St. Peter's Court, No. 26—H J Cremer, C R, 226 Sherman st; Frank A Knoera, R S, 536 S Morgan st; Joseph Seitz, F S; Val Schmittschmitt, Treas; Dr J J Thomnets, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursday, 8 p m, basement St. Peter's church

St. Aloysius' Court, No. 27—J Murphy, C R, 545 S Jefferson st; Julius Esler, R S, 299 W Thirteenth st; John McShea, F S; John J Marnell, Treas; Dr Wm A Ryzon, C P. Meet in Sodality hall, Eleventh and May sts, 2nd and 4th Tuesdays.

Annunciation Court, No. 28—C A Hawley, C R, 350 N Hoyne av; Edmond C Foley, R S, 413 Waubansia av; Joseph E Gleeson, F S; James Burke, Treas; Dr. Charles Venn, C P. Meet corner Robey and Milwaukee av, 1st and 3d Sunday, 3 p m.

St. Ambrose Court, No. 29—Farel, C R, 853 Blue Island av; John Burggraf, R S 144 Ambrose st; Aug Eblebracht, F S; Henry Schlitt, Treas; Dr Brand, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesdays, 158 Ambrose st, 3 p m.

Im. Conception Court, No. 30—D Deegan, C R, 256 Hudson av; W J Stapleton, R S, 326 Cleveland av; Joseph P Holden, F S; Edward O'Dea, Treas; Dr F H Cronin, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Friday, in Muth's hall, 30 Clybourn av.

St. Vincent de Paul's Court, No. 31—D A Lawtomb, C R, 241 Webster av; Jas F Lusk, R S, 223 Blackhawk st; J Conway, F S; Patrick McGuire, Treas; Dr Geo W Reynolds, C P. Meet 1st Sunday and 3rd Wednesday, at 3 and 8 o'clock p m, in Scool hall.

St. Stephen's Court, No. 32—J Hanrahan, C R, 16 N Sangamon st; David Cottrell, R S, 676 Larrabee st; J Kavanaugh, F S; M Mitchell, treas; Dr J T Stanton, C P. Meet 1st Wednesday 8 p m and 3d Sunday 3 p m, 599 Milwaukee av.

St. Michael's Court, No. 33—A Von Tesmer, C R, 241 Orchard st; John J Blindauer, R S, 158 Hudson av; M F Engel, F S; Henry Schomer, Treas; Dr Jas P Buck, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesday, St Michael's hall, cor North and Hudson avs.

St. Martin's Court, No. 34—Mathias Pitts, C R, 93 Gardner st; P Somitt, R S, 200 Mohawk st; Fred'k Krinps, F S; M Franzen, Treas; Dr Charles Koller, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Saturday, Brand's hall, cor North and Clybourne av.

St. Lawrence Court, No. 35—Grand Crossing, Cook county, Ill—Michael Conlin, C R; J O Hayes, R S; S Marks, F S; A Neeb, Treas; Dr O W Pusey, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, 8 p m, Social hall.

Cathedral Court, No. 36—F McGarry, C R, 443 Seminary av; L Rohrer, R S, 233 Elm st; J P Devine, F S; P T Scanlan, Treas; Dr P H Cronin, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesday, hall 324 E Division st.

St. Agnes' Court, No. 37—John Begane, C R, Brighton Park; Daniel Kane, R S, Brighton Park; John Grady, F S; D Ackerman, Treas; Dr D Egan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Monday, 8 p m, Parish School, Brighton.

Blessed Virgin Court No. 38—Peter Doyle, C R, 71 Cicero court; L A Lafont, R S, 1704 W Twelfth st; Chas E Browne, F S; Dr L A Harcourt, C P. Meet in school hall of Our Lady of Sorrows, 1st Sunday and 3d Thursday at 2:30 and 7:30 p m.

St. Ann's Court No. 39—Thos A Kenny, C R, 5524 Wentworth av; John McCoy, R S, 4946 Dearborn st; James Kerwin, F S; J J Cowan, Treas; Dr Doherty, C P. Meet in Kerwin's hall, Fifty fifth st and Wentworth av, 1st and 3rd Fridays.

St. Alphonsus' Court No. 40—L Brieski, C R, 597 Southport av; Chas J Flugel, R S, 36 Clifton av; A Jobst, F S; Felix Hottinger, Treas; Dr John M Jacobs, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, Werheim's hall, Racine and Belmont ave.

Cour Lavel Court, No. 41—Adolphe Fournier, C R, Brighton P O; Adolph Bourbeau, R S, Brighton Park, Ill; F Deguise, F S; John B Dronin, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Sunday, at 7:30 p m, in McMahon's hall, 3137 Archer av.

St. Bridget's Court No. 42—J Schneider, C R, 5611 Emerald av; Thomas Duffy, R S, 3644 Ashland av; Thomas Lyons, F S; M McMahon, Treas. Meet in McMahon's hall, 3157 Archer av, 1st Monday, 7:30 p m, 3rd Sunday 2:30 p m.

St. Boniface Court No. 43—Peter Mueller, C R, 596 Milwaukee av; Peter Schomer, Jr, R S, 102 Cornell st; Peter H Heinrichs, F S; W Kern, Treas; Dr Chas Venn, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, School hall, St. Boniface parish.

St. Charles Court No. 44, Evanston—Chas O'Donahue, C R; John M Flood, R S; Daniel McCann, F S; N P Mereoh, Treas; Dr E H Webster, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Wednesdays, Foresters hall.

St. Hubert's Court No. 45—John Kolle, C R, 795 Milwaukee av; H J Saumers, R S, 587 W Chicago av; J H Nelles, F S; Frank Pioh, Treas; Dr Chas Venn, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Sunday at 994 Milwaukee av.

McAuliffe Court No. 46—M J Kelly, C R, 153 Huron st; P C Crane, R S, 331 Orchard st; B E Morgan, F S; G Tierney, Treas; Dr J A Benson, C P. meet in North Side Turner hall, N Clark st. 1st and 3rd Tuesdays.

St. Leo Court No. 47—P E Hickey, C R, 1423 W Madison st; J J Hickey, R S, 420 W Indiana st; G Fitzgerald, F S; G White, Treas; Dr Wm Deegan, C F Meet 2nd Tuesday at 7:30 p m, and 4th Sunday at 3 p m, Anchor hall, Indiana and Paulina sts.

St. George Court No. 48—Hubert Hartig, C R, 2949 Lyman st; Martin Hottua, R S, 2617 Emerald av; O Niersbach, F S; Chas Trauscht, Treas; Dr D Egan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Monday Dayes hall, cor Sanger st and Archer av.

St. Mary Court No. 49, Springfield, Ill.—J J McInerney, C R; John Carey, R S; Eugene Colgan, F S; D O'D Hallihan, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays.

Assumption Court No. 50, (Italian)—F Brucciani, C R, 436 Milwaukee av; G B Lagomarzino, R S, 70 E Indiana st; J L Pierozzi, Treas. Meet in Assumption church.

St. Henry Court No. 51—Peter F Krantz, C R; Nicholas Allen, R S; M Winandy, F S; M Jacques, Treas. Meet in St. Henry school hall, Hoeshill, 3d and 4th Thursdays.

Col. Mulligan Court No. 52—J F Tuefy, C R, Room 21 Reaper Block; N J Pauly, R S, 259 W Congress st; P B Hayes, F S; Denis Molyneux, Treas. meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays in Fitzgerald's hall, cor Halsted and Adams sts.

Waukegan Court No. 53—J H Finney, C R; J J Jemison, R S; John Michaels, F S; J E Daly, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Monday in Catholic school hall

St. Francis Court No. 54—K J Cody, C R, 98 Coulter st; Ed J O'Neill, R S, 98 Coulter st; David McGann, F S; Florence McCarthy, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesdays in St. Pius school hall, 20th and Ashland av.

St. Bernard Court No. 55—D Sullivan, C R, 448 31st st; J J Kenney, R S, 2816 S. Park av; John W Carroll, F S; Joseph Walsh, Treas. meet 2nd and 4th Fridays at 3974 State st.

Canadian Court No. 56—L Drolet, C R, E G Richter, R S; L Goudreau, Jr., F S; M F Bachant, Treas; Dr. J N Fraser, C P. Kankakee, Ill.

St. Cecelia's Court No. 57—J J Sapple, C R, 4511 Wentworth av; D Kavanagh, R S, 4721 Butterfield st; N H Powers, F S; M Cronin, Treas. Meet in St. Cecelia's hall, 2nd Sunday and 4th Wednesday

ANCIENT ORDER OF HIBERNIANS.

COOK COUNTY DIRECTORY.

County Board meets second Sunday of each month at 3 p. m., at Fitzgerald's hall, S. E. cor. Halsted and Adams-sts.

County Delegate, J. W. McCarthy, Lemont, Ill.
County Secretary, P. B. Flanagan, 3623 Fifth avenue.
County Financial Secretary, W. J. Doherty.
County Treasurer, James H. Lynch.

DIVISION OFFICERS.

Division No. 1.—Wm. Sullivan, Pres., 196 Forquer st; B. J. Callaghan, V. P.; M. A. Manley, Rec. Sec., 375 Oak st.; Michael Lavin, Fin. sec.; Dominick F. Cannon, Treas. Meets 1st Monday of each month at 159 W. Madison st.

Div. No. 2—M. McCarthy, Pres., 610 Thirty-second-st.; Thos. Halpin, V.-P.; J. P. O'Brien, Rec. Sec., 923 Thirty-fifth-st; Wm. Holton, Fin Sec.; M. Lamb, Treas. Meet at 3235 S. Halsted st., 1st Saturday of every month.

Div. No. 4—Daniel Collins, 861 S. Halsted-st., Pres.; J. Fletcher, V. P.; Daniel Cordon, Rec. Sec., 639 S Halsted-st; F. F. Radigan, Fin. Sec.; M. Blake, Treas. Meets last Sunday of each month at 3 p m, at Canalport-av. and Union-st.

Div. No. 5—Timothy Collins, Pres., 2106 State st; William White, V. P.; Michael C. Frell, Recording Sec., 44 Depuyster st; P. V. Fitzpatrick, Fin. sec.; James Fitzpatrick, Treas. Meet second Wednesday of each month at 8 p m, at 144 E. Twenty-second-st.

Div. No. 6—P. G. McGuire, Pres., 4217 Wentworth-av; M. Reilly, V. P.; Peter Quigley, Rec. Sec., 692 Forty-third-st.; John Moore, Fin. Sec.; Mm. Murray, Treas. Meet 3rst Sunday of month at 3 p m, in Town Hall, Town of Lake.

Div. No. 7—Pres., M. J. Barret, 444 Ogden av.; Rec. Sec., William Madden, 476 W. Fifteenth-st.; Fin. Sec., James E. O'Brien, 376 S Morgan st; Treas., Mark Hardin, 422 W. Twelfth st. Meet at 442 W. Twelfth st. the second Sunday of each month at 7:30 p m.

Div. No. 8—James F. Sweeney, Pres., 375 Oak st; P. Dolan, V. P.; Michael D. Sullivan, Rec. Sec., 235 N Market st; M J Lyons, Fin. Sec.; Jas. A. Flanagan, Treas. Meet first Sunday of each of month at 3 p m, in North Side Turner Hall.

Div. No. 9—T C Egan, Pres; T Ahern, V. P.; J Colbert, Rec. Sec.; M. J. McManus, Fin. Sec; T Farrell, Treas. Meets the first Sunday of each month at 2 p m, in Eigeman's Hall, South Chicago.

Div. No. 11—Pres., Dominick Nicholson, 95 Emerson av.; V.-P., Dennis Foley; Rec. Sec., John Hoban, 236 W Indiana st; Fin. Sec., M. E. Lynch, Treas., Martin J. Corcoran. Meets first Monday of each month at Anchor hall, cor. Paulina and Indiana sts.

Div. No. 12—Pres., Patrick Crimmins, 2902 Deering st; V.-P., John J. Roche; Rec. Sec., James Lane, 3138 Ashland av; Fin. Sec., William J. Joyce; Treas., James Kelly. Meet first Sunday each month at 3 p m, in Kasner's hall, Lock st. and Archer av.

Div. No. 14—Pres., James Noonan; V.-P., Austin Clark; Rec. Sec., John Prendergast; Fin. Sec., Edward Rogers; Treas., J. W. McCarthy. Meets first Sunday of each month at 3 pm in Dorrie hall, Lemont, Ill.

Div. No. 18—Pres. M. J. Ryan, 257 Michigan st; V-P., James Conway; Rec. Sec., William Tait, 81 George st; Fin. Sec., Andrew G. Duggan; Treas., James O'Connor. Meet third Sunday each month at 3 p. m. at North Side Turner Hall.

Div. No. 17—President, P. B. Flanagan, 3623 Fifth av; V.P., Martin Mulcahy; Rec. Sec., William Corcoran, 3759 Butterfield st; Fin. Sec, Lawrence Henely; Treas., Thomas Finnigan. Meets first Tuesday each month at 8 p m, 3726 State st.

Div. No. 18—Pres., M. Loftus, cor W Forty-third and Lake sts; V.-P., M Clark; Rec. Sec., Jeremiah Bresahahan; Fin. Sec., Jas. Mulcare-Treas., Jas. Dougherty. Meets fourth Monday of each month at Tilton's school house, Central Park, Ill., at 7 p m.

Div. No. 19—Pres., James H. Lynch, 2 Archer av; V.-P., C A Reedy; Rec. Sec., Thomas J. Waldron, 2231 LaSalle st; Fin. Sec., Joseph W. Connell; Treas., Michael McCarthy. Meets first and third Thursdays of each month in Quealy's hall, 3749 S. Halsted st.

Div. No. 21—Pres, Hugh Hackett; 156 Sherman st. V. P., John Moran; Rec. Sec., P. J. Barrett, 710 Loomis-st.; Fin. Sec., George Connolly; Treas., T. D. Clifford. Meets 3rd Sunday each month, at 3 o. m., at 182 Blue Island-av.

Div. No. 22—Pres., James Fitzpatrick, 1201 N Western av., V.-P., McMahon; Rec. Sec., Andrew Hickey, 1229 N Paulina st; Fin. Sec., P. J. Donohue; Treas., Martin Quinn. Meets first Monday of each month at 8 p m, at corner Hinman and Wood sts.

Div. No. 23—President, Timothy Bourke, 4702 Bishop st.; V.-P., John McGeoegehan; Rec. Sec., John Waters, 4294 Ashland av.; Fin. Sec., John B. O'Connor; Treas., Stephen Sheehan. Meet first Sunday of each month at 2 p m, at Bishop's hall, corner Forty-seventh st. and Ashland avenue.

Div. No. 25—Pres., James F. Cantion, 251 N Carpenter st.; V.-P., Thomas Flynn; Rec. Sec., Joseph A. O'Donnell, 259 N. May st; Fin. Sec., W. J. Graham; Treas., R. Franey. Meets the first Sunday of each month at 3 p m, in Apollo Hall, Milwaukee avenue.

Div. No. 26—Pres. John McHenna, 5229 Wentworth av; V.-P. J P Doheny; Rec. Sec., Hugh McNally, 4426 School st; Fin. Sec., James Kerwin; Treas., Lawrence Reynolds. Meet second Saturday of each month at 8 p m, at Fifty-first st. and Wentworth-av.

Div. 29—Pres. Alexander Reilly, Kensington; Rec. Sec., Dennis Guest, Kensington; Fin. Sec., John Travers; Treas, Thomas Markey. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesdays of each month at 8 p m, in Pullman, Ill.

Div. 31—Pres. John Dowling, 267 S. California av; V.-P. Thomas Franey; Rec. Sec., Charles A. McCarthy, 1211 Lexington av; Fin. Sec., Thomas Judge; Treas., James C. King. Meets first Saturday each month at 1086 W. Lake st.

Div. 35—Pres., Thomas Doyle, 3109 Lowe av; V.-P. J. O'Brien; Rec. Sec., Charles P. Holbrook, 3539 S. Halsted st.; Fin. Sec., Michael J O'Brien; Treas., Michael Kavanaugh. Meets first Sunday of each month at 3 p m, at Thirty-seventh and Dashiel sts.

EMERALD BENEFICIAL ASSOCIATION OF NORTH AMERICA.

INTERNATIONAL GRAND BRANCH.

Spiritual Directors, Rev. John F. Brady, Lambertville, N. J.; Rev. J. D. Bowles, Fremont, O.
President, Rev. F. G. Lentz, Tipton, Ind.
First Vice-President, Dr. J. T. Bussey, Baltimore, Md.
Second Vice-President, Michael Mullin, Troy, N. Y.
Secretary, J. B. McCalley, Pittsburg, Pa.
Treasurer, David A. Carey, Toronto, Ont.
Marshal, Henry Britt, Girard, O.
Sergeant-at-Arms, Thomas Callahan, Norfolk, Va.

ST. STEPHENS BRANCH No. 4.—President, Robert Lynch, 215 W. Kinzie-st.; Vice-Pres., Dr. William O'Connell; Secretary, P. J. McKeague, 566 Carroll av; Treas, J. J. Clements; Marshal, Michael Muldoon. Meets the 1st and 3rd Sundays of each month at the corner of Sangamon and Ohio streets.

ANCIENT ORDER OF HIBERNIANS B. OF E.

NATIONAL OFFICERS.

Elected at the New York National Convention, May, 1889.

Laurence Kelly, National Delegate, High st., Yonkers, N. Y.
Patrick Dugan, National Secretary, 593 Grove st., Jersey City, N. J.
John O'Callaghan, National Treasurer, 734 Carroll av., Chicago, Ill.

STATE DELEGATES.

M. Cramer, 60 Baltingstall av, New Haven, Conn.
John L. Cunningham, 2300 Sidney st, St. Louis, Mo.
Owen Carroll, cor Second st, and Newark av., Jersey City, N. J.
Thomas Breen, Newton, Kas.
John Patton, No. 1 Yeomans Ct., Roxbury Dist., Boston, Mass.
Rich. Powers, 2617 Dashiel st, Chicago, Ill.
John McFarland, 3734 Carson st., Pittsburg, Pa.
J. McDonald, Excelsior, Mahaska Co, Ia.
Terrence Donohue, 501 W. Forty-third st, New York city.
Thomas Norton, 421 Minnie st, San Francisco, Cal.
J. V. Canavan, Appleton, Wis.
T. F. Thornton, 2010 Third av, Birmingham, Ala.
Dan'l Gallagher, Box 408, Steubenville, O.
William Sheerin, Trinidad, Colo.
P. M. Lunday, 323 Union av, St. Pueblo.
P. J. Healy, 2304 Seventh st., N W, Washington, D. C.
Thos. Noonan, 88 E S. venth st., St. Paul, Minn.
John W. Condy, Lonaconing, Maryland.
Patrick Walsh, Benwood, West Virginia.
P. J. Walsh, 19 Spring st., Portland, Me.
Patrick Cleary, Escanaba, Mich.
Thomas Banks, Co. Secretary, 204 Mott st, New York city, Agent for New York.

OFFICERS OF THE ILLINOIS WIDOWS' AND ORPHANS' BENEFICIARY FUND.

President, Th

GREAT CLEARING SALE.

20% Discount

—ON THE—

FINEST READY-MADE CLOTHING.

We've put our entire stock of Ready-Made Clothing at your disposal at 80 cents on the dollar, or 20 cents less than each and every dollar of it is worth. Too much of this and too much of that necessitates our getting rid of it. So let it be at once, while the goods are new, fresh and seasonable.

Overcoats $12, less 20% to you, $9.60.
Overcoats $15, less 20% to you, $12.00.
Overcoats $20, less 20% to you, $16.00.
Ulsters $15, less 20% to you, $12.00.
Ulsters $20, less 20% to you, $16.00.
Suits $12, less 20% to you, $9.60.
Suits $15, less 20% to you, $12.00.
Suits $20, less 20% to you, $16.00.

Also 20% on Boys' Suits and Overcoats and Men's Full Dress Suits.

Remember, you are getting the pick of our own make of goods made for this season. Buyers that waited are lucky.

WANAMAKER & BROWN,

145 STATE-ST.

A LITTLE ISLAND COLONY.

Fifty White Folks Who Live on a Lofty Rock Just Big Enough for Them.

A few months ago the handful of people who live on Pitcairn island celebrated the hundredth anniversary of the landing of their fathers on that little rock. The world is always glad to hear of the prosperity of this people, and several other little communities inhabiting the smallest specks of land in the ocean also excite much interest.

There is one island, however, of which we seldom hear. It is Lord Howe island, the home of fifty or sixty white people, about 600 miles northeast of New South Wales. Years ago two or three families from New Zealand thought they would seek a new home.

They had heard of the profuse vegetation on this crescent shaped little island, and decided that they would build new homes there. So they went to Lord Howe island, which is only six miles long and about a mile wide, and rises precipitously from the sea to a height of nearly 3,000 feet at nearly every point. They built their huts, tilled the land, and after a while two or three other families joined them. Some of these original settlers are still living, but most of the residents are their descendants.

The island is under the government of New Zealand, and once a year it is visited by a magistrate, who settles all little disputes. It is a very easy task, for there are seldom any differences among the people. Like Pitcairn and other little island communities, they have never found it necessary to build a jail.

There were none of the higher mammals on the islands when they went there, but now there are quite a number of goats, swine and cats, which, having escaped from domesticity, have lived in the woods so long that they have become quite wild. While some of the men engage in tilling their gardens others are out fishing. A great many edible fish are caught there, and the people find it very easy to live in comfort without a large amount of labor.

They say they have not the slightest desire to return to larger communities. They do not encourage immigration because they think they and their children will need all of the 5,220 acres of the island. Sometimes a sailor from a passing ship spends a little while in the community, and has been known to carry away one of the daughters as his wife, but most of the people are born, live and die there.

They cannot travel more than a few hundred rods without seeing the sea, and of course they come to know every inch of their little world. Once or twice a year a vessel comes to them with a large variety of supplies, and they purchase with their corpa and other products the goods they need for the ensuing year. At the same time their libraries are replenished with new books, a large lot of newspapers come to their homes, and it takes them a good while to read of all that has happened in the busy world since they last heard of it.—New York Sun.

In Alsace, not far from Worth, there is now a monument to the young Englishman who was the first victim in the Franco-German war. Young Lieut. Winslow, who was attached to the German army, was shot while reconnoitering with the staff by one of the first bullets fired on the French side.

Hours for Eating in England.

In England, down to the days of "Good Queen Bess," it was the custom to hospitably entertain all strangers and visitors at any hour of the day with free fare—bread, beef and beer. This was observed at every table in the land, from that of the freeholder to the baron's and abbey's. At a later day the upper classes became more luxurious in their tastes and habits. As a consequence the hours for meals were very much modified and have remained so until this day.

Breakfast is now usually taken between 9 and 10 a. m., and the present usage for dinner among the wealthier classes is from 6 to 8 p. m. A luncheon—a rather substantial meal, by the way, consisting of cold game, roast beef and the like—is often indulged in between breakfast and dinner. The meal denominated supper in this country is a comparatively unknown quantity in England, that known as tea forming in reality a part of dinner.—Louis T. Peale in Detroit Free Press.

Ready Made Clothing.

I am sometimes amazed in passing the great ready made clothing establishments of Boston to note how differently they are regarded than formerly. It was less than a generation ago that they were patronized almost exclusively by workingmen, mechanics and farmers, who desired rough, cheaply made clothing. Merchants, bankers, professional men invariably left their measure with their tailors, and scorned what was familiarly termed "slop made" clothing. But a demand arose for fine grades of ready made clothing, and the alert American manufacturer was ready to meet the demand.

The demands of the customer were exacting, and to reach his high standard of excellence scientific methods were employed and competent designers. It was the old story of the relative cost of making one coat or of making 500. But there were men of peculiar shape who heretofore had been able to become fitted only by the custom tailor. He was too tall or too fat to be fitted from the ready made stock of the olden time. This difficulty was soon met and overcome until to-day, although the custom tailor has by no means disappeared, the ready made dealer has for his customers that class of men who once scorned him.—Boston Advertiser.

PHOTO-ENGRAVING.

IT PAYS TO ILLUSTRATE YOUR BUSINESS.

Portraits, and cuts of colleges, hotels, factories, machinery, &c., made to order from photographs.

Prices Low—Send stamp for specimen sheets.

Metropolitan Press Agency,
New York City.

KNIGHT'S
Blood Cure.

A standard household remedy in successful use more than 40 years. A positive cure for Dyspepsia, Scrofula, Nervous Prostration, Constipation and all diseases of the Blood, Stomach and Liver.

Unequaled for Producing a Clear Complexion.

A botanical compound, put up in packages and sent by mail at *one-third the cost* of ordinary medicine. Large packages, sufficient for 2 quarts, $1.00; half-size packages, sufficient for 2 pints, 50c.; sample packages, 25c.

A reliable Agent wanted in this locality.

KNIGHT BOTANICAL CO., 232 Broadway, N.Y.

H.R.EAGLE

AFTER DINNER JAVA COFFEE
"THE FINEST."
25 CENTS A POUND.

UNCOLORED JAPAN TEA,
"A SWEET DRINKER,"
25 CENTS A POUND.

H. R. EAGLE & CO.,
GROCERS, 68 WABASH-AV.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

Tailors and Drapers.

JAMES CUSHING,
The Artistic and Reliable
Merchant Tailor and Draper,
No. 208 South Halsted-st., near VanBuren
A Perfect Fit Guaranteed

Furniture.

SMITH, JOHN M.,
Dealer in
Household Goods,
Pianos and Organs,
158 160, 162 & 164
West Madison Street,
Near Halsted.

Coal and Wood.

O'DONNELL BRO'S,
Dealers in
All kinds of Hard and Soft Coal,
Coke and Wood, of the Best Qualities
Hickory Wood, sawed stove lengths, $6.50
per cord delivered.
Office and Yard
303 West Taylor street, between Halsted
street and Blue Island avenue.

Attorneys.

BRADY, MATTHEW P.,
Attorney and Counsellor-at-Law,
28 Portland Block, 107 Dearborn-st.,
Chicago.

JAMES O'CONNELL,
Attorney-at-Law,
Suite 916, Chicago Opera House Block,
113 Clark-st., Chicago. Telephone 1431.

SULLIVAN BROS.,
Lawyers,
225 Dearborn-st., Suite 900,
Mechanics', Laborers', and Liens Enforced.

Grocers.

HORGAN, WILLIAM,
Dealer in
Teas, Wines and Liquors,
44 & 46 Canalport avenue, Chicago.
Choice Butter a Specialty.
Warranted.

O'BRIEN, P.
Dealer in Staple and Fancy
Groceries and Ship Supplies.
Best Brands of Flour. Choice Butter a
Specialty. Glass and Crockery Ware.
249 W. Harrison street.
Orders called for and delivered Free of
Charge.

O'DONOHUE, J. J.
Dealer in Fancy
Groceries, Wines, Liquors and Cigars,
Headquarters for Imported Dilisk,
113 Erie-st., corner Market,
Chicago.

Easy Payments.

Ladies' Dress Goods. Gents' Suits, Overcoats, Watches, Diamonds, and Jewelry Manufacturers' Agent for Furniture, Pianos, and Sewing Machines. Country Cash Orders Filled at the Very Lowest Rates. Boys' Suits a Specialty.

Jas. Clarke,
MANAGER,
Room 528, 112 S. Clark-st.

I CURE FITS!

When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY, or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office. H. G. ROOT, M.C., 183 Pearl St., N.Y.

ROOT'S PURGATIVE PILLS cure all Blood Diseases. Constipation and Biliousness.

SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN
ESTABLISHED 1845

is the oldest and most popular scientific and mechanical paper published and has the largest circulation of any paper of its class in the world. Fully illustrated. Best class of Wood Engravings. Published weekly. Send for specimen copy. Price $3 a year. Four months' trial, $1. MUNN & CO., PUBLISHERS, 361 Broadway, N.Y.

ARCHITECTS & BUILDERS
Edition of Scientific American.

A great success. Each issue contains colored lithographic plates of country and city residences or public buildings. Numerous engravings and full plans and specifications for the use of such as contemplate building. Price $2.50 a year, 25 cts. a copy. MUNN & CO., PUBLISHERS.

PATENTS may be secured by applying to MUNN & CO., who have had over 40 years' experience and have made over 100,000 applications for American and Foreign patents. Send for Handbook. Correspondence strictly confidential.

TRADE MARKS.

In case your mark is not registered in the Patent Office, apply to MUNN & CO., and procure immediate protection. Send for Handbook.

COPYRIGHTS for books, charts, maps, etc., quickly procured. Address
MUNN & CO., Patent Solicitors,
GENERAL OFFICE: 361 BROADWAY, N. Y.

F. D. Kinsella
& CO.,
22 & 24 FOURTH-AV., Chicago,
Designers and Manufacturers of
Stained, Cut, and Embossed
Glass
For Churches, Residences, Public Halls and Buildings, &c.

M. O'BRIEN.
House Mover.

Buildings Re-silled and Underpinned Substantial and Reasonable, by Experienced Workmen. Country Correspondence invited. Address—

M. O'BRIEN,
3 BLUE ISLAND AVENUE,
CHICAGO.

MONON ROUTE
LOUISVILLE, NEW ALBANY & CHICAGO RY. CO.

THE PULLMAN CAR LINE TO
INDIANAPOLIS,
CINCINNATI,
LOUISVILLE,
AND THE SOUTH.

Are you going to New Orleans or Florida? If so send and get our descriptive matter of the GREAT WORLD'S FAIR and the Winter Resorts of Florida. Via this line you are permitted to stop off and visit the World Renowned MAMMOTH CAVE. City Ticket Office, 73 Clark-st., Chicago.

JAMES BARKER,
General Passenger Agent.

THE
WISCONSIN CENTRAL LINES

RUN

FAST TRAINS with Pullman Vestibuled Drawing Room Sleepers, Dining Cars and Coaches of latest design, between CHICAGO and MILWAUKEE and ST. PAUL and MINNEAPOLIS.

FAST TRAINS, with Pullman Vestibuled Drawing Room Sleepers, Dining Cars and Coaches of latest design, between CHICAGO and MILWAUKEE and ASHLAND and DULUTH.

THROUGH PULLMAN VESTIBULED DRAWING ROOM AND COLONIST SLEEPERS via the NORTHERN PACIFIC RAILROAD between CHICAGO and PORTLAND, ORE.

CONVENIENT TRAINS to and from Eastern, Western, Northern and Central Wisconsin points, affording unequalled service to and from WAUKESHA, FOND DU LAC, OSHKOSH, NEENAH, MENASHA, CHIPPEWA FALLS, EAU CLAIRE, HURLEY, WIS., and IRONWOOD and BESSEMER, MICH.

For tickets, sleeping car reservations, time tables and other information, apply to Agents of the line or to Ticket Agents anywhere in the United States or Canada.

S. R. AINSLIE, General Manager, Milwaukee, Wis.
J. M. HANNAFORD, General Traffic Manager, St. Paul, Minn.
H. C. BARLOW, Traffic Manager, Chicago, Ill.
LOUIS ECKSTEIN, Ass't Gen'l Pass'r and Ticket Agent, Chicago, Ill.

SANTA-CLAUS-SOAP.
N.K.FAIRBANK & CO. CHICAGO.

If you wish to make clothes as white as the sun
And finish your work as soon as begun,
SANTA CLAUS SOAP is the thing that will do it,
And having once bought it you never will rue it.

ESTABLISHED 1867

HIBERNIAN BANK.
S. W. Corner Lake and Clark-Sts.

SAVINGS DEPARTMENT

DEPOSITS of $1.00 and upwards received, and Compound Interest allowed at the rate of 3 per cent per annum.

DEPOSITORS wishing their families to draw money during their absence may arrange to do so.

MARRIED WOMEN may deposit in their own names, subject to their order only.

FOREIGN EXCHANGE.

Drafts on the Bank of Ireland, in Sums of £1 Sterling and Upwards.

OFFICE HOURS:
From 10 a. m. to 3 p. m.; Saturdays, from 10 a. m. to 2 p. m., and from 6 to 8 p. m.

GORE'S EUROPEAN HOTEL.

This excellent hotel freshly furnished and equipped throughout in first rate style, thoroughly fire proof and with unsurpassed facilities for heating, ventilating, etc., is well worthy the attention of intending visitors. The Manager, Mr. N. D. Laughlin, gives his personal attention to seeing that each and all of his guests are made as comfortable as possible. The position of Gore's European Hotel especially commends itself as being central to all the principal railway depots, theatres, etc., of the city. Attached to the hotel is a first-class restaurant.

1840 Fiftieth Anniversary. 1890
—OF THE—
OLD RELIABLE
CUNARD LINE.
Carrying the British & U. S. Mails.
FAST EXPRESS MAIL SERVICE.
EVERY SATURDAY FROM NEW YORK.
ALSO FORTNIGHTLY WEDNESDAY SAILINGS.
Besides a Weekly Service from Boston Every Saturday.

This Line Has the Largest, Fastest, and Most Magnificent Fleet in the World.

Its character, record and general reputation for speed, comfort and safety (having never lost a passenger in the 50 years of its existence) requires no comment.

F. G. WHITING,
Manager Western Dept.
131 Randolph St., (under Sherman House.)

P. V. FITZPATRICK, 145 Twenty-second St.
M. J. GERAGHTY 433 W. Twelfth Street.
(Adjoining Jesuit Church.)

McAVOY
BREWING COMPANY.
PURE BARLEY MALT.
LAGER BEER.
2249 SOUTH PARK-AVE.

Joseph Schlitz
Brewing Company,
Chicago, Ill.
Brewers and Bottlers of the Celebrated Salvator Beer.
PILSENER LAGER BEER

COOKE
Brewing Co.,
FOOT OF 27th STREET,
CHICAGO, ILL.
Brewers and Bottlers of the Finest Brands of Beers, Ale and Porter, put up especially for Family and Medical use. Try our Special Brand of Munich Hofbrau Beer.
TELEPHONE 3298.

KEELEY
Brewing Co.,
MALTSTERS
AND
LAGER BEER
Brewers,
28th St., and Cottage Grove Av.,
CHICAGO.

CONRAD SEIPP,
Brewing Company,
FOOT OF 24TH STREET,
Chicago, Ill.
Brewers and Bottlers of the Celebrated Salvator Beer.
PILSENER LAGER BEER